

No 89.

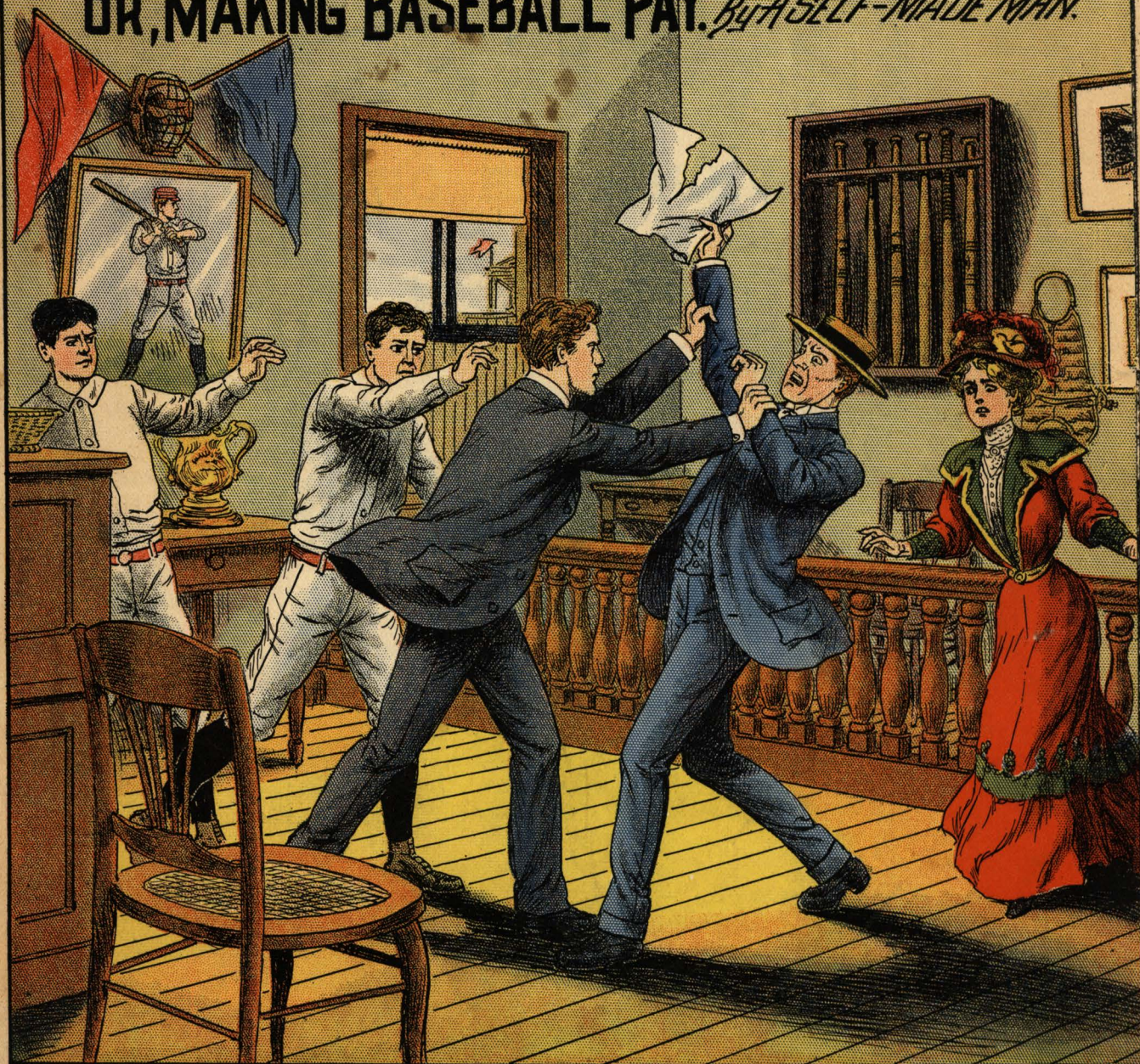
# FAME •AND•

5 CENTS.

## FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

### THE BOY MAGNATE; OR, MAKING BASEBALL PAY. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*



With a snort of rage Chester Wells tore the paper from Darrell's hands. "You shall not destroy it, Wells!" cried Jack, seizing him by the wrist and arm. Dallas started to aid his manager, while Bassett and Amy looked astonished.



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1907, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 89.

NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1907.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

# THE BOY MAGNATE

OR,

## MAKING BASEBALL PAY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DISASTER ON COFFIN LEDGE.

"Hello, Jack! what brought you over to Rockland?" asked Fred Dallas, a well-dressed lad of eighteen, looking curiously at a handsome, well-built lad, attired in a plain business suit, who had just boarded the stanch little steamer Seabird, which navigated between Rockland, Cinnebar and Marathon, on the coast of Maine.

"Looking for a job," replied Jack, pleasantly.

"Looking for a job! In Rockland!" exclaimed Dallas, in evident surprise. "What is the matter with the one you have?"

"Mr. Richards is going out of business in two weeks, and it's up to me to connect with something else in the meantime, for I can't afford to remain idle. You know how we're fixed, Fred."

"But why look for work in Rockland? Can't you pick up another place in Marathon?"

"I've been around to all the likely places in town, but there's nothing open that I can tackle. If I knew anything about factory work, of course I could catch on to the job without much trouble. But I don't, and I can't afford to learn now. Besides, it isn't in my line, anyway. I wasn't cut out for a factory hand, and should make a mighty poor workman."

"But how about your folks? If you leave Marathon for good I suppose your mother and sister will go, too," said

Dallas, with a glum look, for not only was Jack his particular friend, but Jack's sister, Edith, was an attraction of the first magnitude for Fred.

"I suppose so, but not right away," replied Jack. "Edith will have to get a position in Rockland before she throws up the one she has in Marathon."

"It's too bad you have to make the change," said Fred.

"I shall be dead sorry to leave Marathon," answered Jack, solemnly.

"You won't be any more sorry than I shall be to see you go. I'll feel lost without you, old chap. We've been chums ever since we got acquainted at school. In fact, it will be like losing a brother to part with you."

"Oh, I'll come over and see you occasionally, and you must return the compliment, for I shall look for you, and so will Edith. It isn't so far."

"Do you think she will?" asked Fred, eagerly.

"Edith, you mean? Of course. Why not? Haven't you been accustomed to take her around quite a bit? She's bound to miss you after she comes over here."

"Oh, I'll come over, bet your life," said Fred, wagging his head in a positive kind of way. "I couldn't let you get away from me altogether."

"I hope not," laughed Jack.

"Well, did you strike anything in this town?"

"I have the promise of a pretty good place."

"What line of business?"

"Same as I'm at now—lawyer's office. You'll never guess who the man is."



"Who is he?"

"Benjamin Seabury."

"The man who owns the Rockland ball team and is president of the Coast League?"

"The same. He says he will want to use me on his team as he needs another catcher."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. He told me he wished he could sign you, too. In his opinion you and I were the crack battery in the league last season. He said that your pitching was about the only thing there was to the Marathon team. That outside of you, I, Bassett and Wickers the team was the rockiest he'd ever seen in a minor league."

"Yes, we were a rather tart aggregation, as a whole," grinned Fred. "We were lucky to win five games out of the forty we played. I heard Dan Longworth say that the strongest crowbar ever made couldn't have pried us out of last place from the day we lost the opening game."

"If Manager Gibson had opened his purse-strings and hired a few decent players, it would have been money in his pocket. Why, most of the time we played to practically empty benches, even on Saturday afternoon, and Marathon is a good ball town, too. People won't come to see a team that doesn't seem to have the ghost of a show to win a game. The people who did come were drawn by your pitching. When you were on the cards the rooters visited the grounds occasionally on the bare possibility that, with half-decent support, you might pull the game out, for you were a stumbling block to the other three teams. It was seldom they could bunch hits on you. That, however, didn't stop them from winning almost as regularly as clockwork. You remember that Cinnebar won a game on a single hit, another on two safeties, and a third on four hits. While Rockland won two games on two hits each, and Pimlico actually beat us one day without making a single safe hit off your delivery. We ought to have had every one of those games. It was certainly discouraging for you to go in, pitch winning ball, and then have ragged fielding do the team up."

"I should say it was," replied Fred, with a look of disgust as the unpleasant recollection forced itself upon him. "It's about time this boat started, isn't it?"

As if in answer to his words, the last bell was rung and the steam whistle gave three long toots, which was the signal that the gangplank would be hauled in within a minute or two.

"Looks kind of squally outside the harbor," said Fred. "Those clouds are full of rain and wind."

The boys had taken their stand at the bows of the steamer, and they had a clear view out to the great estuary beyond the harbor.

Penobscot Bay was alive with caps, and these rolled into Rockland harbor in a way that suggested a roughish trip for the little steamer up to Marathon.

While the boys were speculating on whether the boat would run into a rain squall or not when she reached the bay, they heard the gong sound in the engine-room.

The wheels began to revolve, with a swashing noise, and the steamer slowly pulled out from her wharf.

When she had cleared all obstructions, the full-speed bell jangled and the rhythmic pulsations of the engine, and the jar of the boat, became regular.

The wind that blew into the harbor was pretty fresh, and the speed of the little craft added to its strength on the lower deck, so that the boys had to hold on to their hats to keep them from leaving their heads and perhaps going overboard.

The boat, as it approached the mouth of the harbor, met and rose to the inrolling swell, and began to roll in a way that rather threatened the serenity of passengers not accustomed to the motion.

"Gee! We're going to catch it outside, Jack," said Fred. "It's come on pretty rough since I came over on the morning trip. Then the water was comparatively smooth and the sun was out in a way that promised an unusually fine day. We must be getting the tail-end of a gale that's blowing out on the Atlantic."

"Looks like it. But what's the odds? We don't mind a little shaking up."

"That's right. It's exhilarating."

From where they stood they could see the pilot at the wheel peering through the windows of his little house, and a few of the more hardy passengers seated on camp-stools on the hurricane deck.

At length they passed out into the bay and the steamer swept around to the north, rolling violently for several minutes in the cross sea till she got on her course.

The wind now helped the boat along, as it came full on her starboard quarter.

To neutralize the leeward drift of the steamer, her bows was pointed a bit to the northeast.

Thus they steamed along under a threatening sky for three-quarters of an hour, when the course was changed to due north, and then, little by little, to the westward, as Cinnebar came into sight, at which point the steamer made her intermediate landing.

A mile or more to the east of this town was a dangerous ledge, which was naturally given a wide berth, especially in a strong blow like the present, when the black rocks were covered, off and on, by the white spume of the rumpled waves.

As they approached this ledge a small sailboat was descried close aboard of the rocks.

"Look yonder, Jack!" cried Fred, in a tone of some excitement. "That craft is sailing mighty close to Coffin Ledge. I'm a pretty good boatman myself, if I do say it, but I wouldn't think of taking the chances that fellow is doing. And he's got a girl or a woman aboard, too. He must be a fool, or a daredevil."

"Perhaps a little of both," replied Jack, watching the distant craft that rose like a cork on the surges one moment, and disappeared in a trough the next, till only the bellying sail was visible to the boys.



"The tide is sweeping them right on to the rocks. Why don't he head dead to the windward?"

"Maybe he doesn't know enough to. He'll never clear the ledge on the course he's following."

"But if that boat strikes any part of the reef it will be all day with her, as well as those aboard of her."

"I'm afraid it will," replied Darrell, in a tone of some concern.

He was sailor enough himself, in an amateurish way, to recognize the perilous position of the sailboat, and he feared a catastrophe.

"Do you know that looks like Chester Wells's catboat," said Fred, after a moment or two, during which the distance between the steamer and the sailboat had been materially decreased.

"What makes you think it is?"

"That blue burgee flying from the peak of the mast. That signifies the Marathon Boat Club, of which he's a member, and I know Chester is such an enthusiast that he's out on the bay more than half his time."

"But I've heard that Wells is an A1 boatman."

"So he is. That's what puzzles me. It really can't be him, for he knows better than to go so close to Coffin Ledge."

The boys now noticed that the steamer was heading much nearer the ledge than usual, and looking up at the pilot-house they saw that the pilot had his eyes on the imperilled sailboat.

"Old Brown is looking for trouble," remarked Fred. "He is laying in as close as he dares."

At that moment the whistle let off a succession of shrill toots.

This naturally attracted the attention of half the passengers on board, many of whom began flocking to the port rail, whence they eyed the sailboat.

The captain now came to the rail in front of the pilot-house and sang out to a couple of deck-hands below.

"I guess the captain thinks he might be called on to send one of the boats away in a hurry. I'll bet he's blessing that crazy boatman to beat the band," said Fred.

The boys moved over to the port bulwark and leaned upon it.

At their feet was a coil of thin line, such as is usually attached to a steamboat's hawsers to haul them on board when cast off from the pile heads of a wharf.

Jack stood on this coil to get a better view of the tossing catboat.

The steamer was swinging around so as to pass to the south and leeward of the ledge.

This position would enable her to lay to without danger, if such a course became necessary, while a boat was sent away.

Suddenly, to the utter dismay of all who understood the situation, the catboat swung around and headed right at the ledge.

This was courting almost sure destruction, and could

only have been the act of a madman, or one who had lost all control over the craft.

Fred gave a gasp.

"My gracious!" he cried. "They're lost!"

Jack never said a word, but watched the boat's impending doom with compressed lips.

"Great Scott!" continued Fred. "What's the matter with the fellow? Does he want to drown himself and the girl?"

The captain of the steamer now issued hurried orders to clear away the boat on the port side of the hurricane deck, and four deck-hands sprang to do his bidding, while the steamer rushed down at full speed on the ledge.

Unfortunately, the lowering gear had got jammed in some way from non-usage, and the boat stuck close to her davits.

The boys alternately watched the efforts of the deck-hands and the sailboat.

"What's the matter with the blamed boat up there?" growled Fred. "It's taking them an all-fired time to launch her."

"Great Heaven! There she goes on the rocks!" cried Jack, in a fever of excitement, as the catboat disappeared into a cloud of foam that hung around the ledge.

When the spume was caught by the wind and blown to the leeward, the wreck of the sailboat was seen caught between two black rocks, while the girl and her companion were clinging for their lives to the boom, with only their heads showing above the swirling waters.

Jack Darrell noted all this, and also that the steamer's boat was no nearer launching than before.

The bell in the engine-room rang to stop the machinery, and the pulsations and jar of the boat suddenly ceased.

Jack saw that if the imperilled ones on the rocks were to be saved at all, something must be done at once.

At that moment an inspiration struck him.

He threw off his jacket, bent down, seized one end of the coil of light rope and began to hurriedly attach it around his waist.

"What are you going to do, Jack?" asked Fred.

"I'm going to save those people, if I can," he replied, kicking off his shoes. "When I go overboard, pay out the line and keep your eye on me."

Fred knew that his companion was thoroughly at home in the water and did not try to dissuade him from what might have seemed a reckless move.

Jack, laying his hand on Fred's shoulder, sprang on the rail and then dived into the waters of the bay.

## CHAPTER II.

### A GALLANT RESCUE.

He came up in a moment and struck out for the point of the ledge on which the boat had rested her keel.

The pilot had seen him go over, and, divining his intention, proceeded to work the steamer into the most favorable position to second his gallant attempt at rescue.



The tide bore Jack in toward the ledge with considerable rapidity, and he had his work cut out to avoid missing the point at which he was aiming.

Nearly all the passengers on the boat, and there happened to be a goodly number, congregated near the port rail and watched the daring swimmer.

At length he vanished amid the spume that every once in a while hid the wreck and its clinging survivors from the sight of those on the steamer.

When the spray blew away, neither Jack nor the girl could be seen—only the man or boy who was still holding on to the boom.

Suddenly Jack came to the surface, several yards from the wreck, and a moment after the girl's head appeared a short distance away.

The boy saw her at once and struck out for her, reaching her just as she was sinking.

He grabbed her quickly and instantly she made a frantic effort to seize him, just as a drowning person will.

He deftly avoided her clutch, caught her again from behind and signalled to Fred to pull in.

Dallas was aided by a deck-hand, who had come up beside him, and soon Jack and his burden were alongside the steamer.

The deck-hand removed a part of the bulwark, lay over and, catching hold of the girl, drew her on deck, amid the cheers of the passengers.

Jack then started for the wreck again to save the other unfortunate.

He had even more trouble than before in approaching the rocks, but he got there at last, and Fred soon got the signal to haul away.

Rescuer and rescued were drawn carefully up to the steamer and assisted on board.

"Why, hello! is that you, Chester Wells?" cried Fred, in surprise, when he recognized the last survivor of the wreck.

Wells smiled in a sickly kind of way, but said nothing.

He was pretty nearly done up.

"Take them both down in the boiler-room," sang out the captain, from the hurricane deck, as the boat was put on her course toward Cinnebar, taking the inside channel, between the ledge and the shore.

The deck-hand motioned Jack to follow him, while he assisted Chester Wells along.

Fred brought up in the rear, and accompanied the procession down an iron ladder into the hold of the steamer.

"Peel off your clothes, both of you," said the deck-hand. "Squeeze the water out of them and I'll hang 'em up so they'll dry in a jiffy."

Both Jack and Wells were presently reduced to Nature's undress uniform.

Chester felt too weak to stand, and a place was made for him to recline on.

Jack, however, felt no bad effects from his bath, nor the exertions he had undergone, and remained standing beside his chum.

"I've tumbled to the cause of the trouble," said Fred.

"Chester has been taking a drop too much before he started out on his cruise. I could smell it on his breath, in spite of the sea water. Who is the girl he had along, and whose life you saved? Do you recognize her? I never saw her before."

"Nor I, either," answered Jack, shaking his head. "Looks as if she might be a stranger in these parts unless she belongs in Cinnebar."

"Well, you've made a hero of yourself all right, Jack. Your name will be in the Marathon and other papers round here to-morrow. The girl looks like a swell one, too. Probably she's got a rich old man, and he'll be certain to want to reward you for rescuing his daughter."

"He can't pay me anything for what I did. I'm perfectly satisfied in having been able to save her from a terrible death."

"Then Chester owes you something in the way of gratitude for saving him. He must have perished but for you. Look at him yonder. He's a complete wreck."

"Well, I'm glad I was able to be of service to him."

"He'll haul in his horns after this, I guess. He's always had a disagreeable way of looking down on you. Now it's up to him to shake hands and treat you handsomely hereafter."

"I should be glad if he would. I never did like the way he has treated me."

The note of the gong in the engine-room above showed that the boat was drawing near its wharf at Cinnebar.

Finally she was made fast and several passengers went ashore, while a couple came on board.

The boys could hear the rumble of the trucks as the deck-hands rushed a lot of freight ashore.

Inside of ten minutes the Seabird pulled out into the bay and started for the town of Marathon.

By the time she had covered half that distance the clothes were dry, and Jack and Chester dressed themselves.

Chester Wells thanked Jack for rescuing him from his perilous situation, but there was no great warmth in his tones, and he did not offer his hand to the brave lad.

"Who was the girl you had along, Chester?" asked Fred Dallas.

"Oh, she's a friend of mine," replied Wells, evasively. "Her name is Hamilton."

"Is she living in Marathon?"

"Yes. At the Marathon Inn for the season, with her brother."

"I thought she was a stranger," replied Fred. "They've come down this way uncommonly early for summer visitors."

"Her brother is here for his health."

"Oh, that's it! She's a mighty pretty girl all right."

Chester did not seem inclined to discuss the young lady's personal charms.

"Look here, Chester," said Fred, "I thought you knew better than to sail down so close to Coffin Ledge. And why in the name of goodness did you steer the boat right upon the rocks at a time when you would have been lucky



if you had managed to clear them by the skin of your teeth?"

Chester looked exceedingly foolish, and mumbled out some reply that neither of the boys could hear.

"I guess I'll go up and see how Miss Hamilton is getting on," he said.

"I would, if I was you," chuckled Fred; "but after nearly drowning the girl, how do you expect she will receive you?"

At that moment a deck-hand thrust his head down the scuttle and called for Jack Darrell.

"Here I am," said the boy. "What do you want?"

"The captain wants you in his office," was the reply.

"All right," replied Jack, starting for the ladder. "Come on, Fred."

The two boys went on deck, and Chester Wells followed them at a distance.

When Jack ran up the brass-bound stairs to the cabin deck he was received with a general clapping of hands by the assembled passengers.

He stopped for a moment in some confusion, and then made a dash for the captain's office.

That gentleman greeted him with words of praise and commendation for his gallant conduct in rescuing the two imperilled occupants of the wrecked sailboat.

He said that the young lady, who had been well looked after, and was now in his cabin, was anxious to see the boy who had saved her life, therefore it would give him great pleasure to take Jack in there and present him to her.

Jack felt kind of diffident about meeting a pretty girl under circumstances that called for an expression of her gratitude for his services.

The captain, however, gave him no time to consider the matter, but marched him to his cabin forthwith.

"Miss Hamilton," he said, "allow me to present Jack Darrell, the young man to whom you owe your fortunate escape from death on Coffin Ledge."

The captain then withdrew, leaving the two young people together.

"Mr. Darrell, I hope you will believe me when I say that I am deeply grateful to you for saving my life, and that I shall never forget what I owe you as long as I live," said Amy Hamilton, holding out her hand to him.

Jack looked a bit embarrassed as he took her dainty hand in his, and he hardly knew what to say.

He now saw, what he had not taken any notice of in the water, that she certainly was a lovely looking girl.

Jack had been inclined to consider his sister about the most charming girl on earth, but now, when he looked at Miss Hamilton, he was prepared to admit that his sister wasn't in it with her.

"I'm very glad that I was able to be of service to you, Miss Hamilton," he managed to say, after some hesitation. "I hope you are feeling all right now."

"I think I may say that I have nearly recovered from the effects of the fright and involuntary bath that I was subjected to by the reckless behavior of my escort, Mr. Chester Wells, though I dare say I look very ridiculous in

this old wrapper, with my hair all ruffled. Mr. Wells represented himself to my brother and myself as a thoroughly proficient yachtsman, able to handle a boat skillfully in all weathers. As I just dote on the water, I was persuaded to accept his word and an invitation to go out in his boat this afternoon. I am sorry to say that his deportment, after we got a few miles from Marathon, was such as to give me the impression that he had been drinking more than was good for him. At any rate, his handling of the boat very nearly cost us our lives. I shall never trust myself with him again, either on land or water. In fact, I shall not be surprised if my brother, when he learns the particulars of my adventure, will insist that I have nothing more to do with him hereafter. Judging from my feelings toward him this moment, I scarcely think I will notice him again."

"Chester Wells has the reputation of being a good boatman," replied Jack, feeling as if he ought to say something in the other's favor, whether he deserved it of him or not. "But it was odd that he should sail so near such a dangerous spot as the Coffin Ledge, especially when he had a young lady aboard."

"Well," she replied, "I don't think I care to discuss Mr. Wells. I am done with him. May I ask if you live in Marathon, Mr. Darrell?"

"I do."

"Then I may hope to have the pleasure of seeing you often while my brother is in this neighborhood."

Jack said he would be glad to call on her.

"My brother will insist on thanking you himself for what you have done for me, so I would like you to give me your address, that he can call on you; or, if you have no objection to seeing me from the boat-landing to Marathon Inn, where we are stopping, I will introduce you to him at once."

"I shall consider it a pleasure to escort you there, Miss Hamilton," replied Jack, greatly pleased with her request.

"Very well, then. We ought to be very near Marathon by this time, are we not?" she said.

"I should think so," he answered.

"Then I shall have to ask you to tell the captain to send the stewardess to me with my clothes, which I hope are sufficiently dried to be wearable."

"Certainly, Miss Hamilton. I will do so at once."

Jack left the cabin and delivered the young lady's message to the captain.

Then he rejoined Fred, and they walked forward to see how close the boat was to Marathon.

### CHAPTER III.

#### JACK MEETS AMY'S BROTHER.

While Jack was in the captain's cabin with Miss Hamilton, Chester Wells, in a very nervous and doubtful frame of mind, was hanging around in the main cabin, anxious to tender an humble apology to the young lady for his part in the accident that had nearly cost her her life.



He was very much smitten with the young lady's charms, and was anxious to square himself.

Finally he approached the captain and stated that he would like to see Miss Hamilton.

As she had expressed her sentiments about Chester in no uncertain way to the captain, and as that gentleman had been an eyewitness of the young man's erratic management of his boat, which had rather disgusted him, he curtly told Chester that he did not think it would be advisable for him to see Miss Hamilton for the present.

Chester was not pleased at being turned down in this fashion, as he considered himself a person of no little importance.

His father was president of the Marathon National Bank, the family moved in the highest circle of the town's society, and he was one of the best-dressed fellows in his own particular set.

He was accustomed to look down on Jack Darrell, and others, whose circumstances compelled them to work for a mere living.

He was disgusted to think that he owed his life to Jack, and really regarded that fact in the light of a personal grievance.

And what was even worse was the reflection that Miss Hamilton would be sure to regard Darrell as a hero, while her opinion of him he feared to figure on.

His feelings were not improved when, after the boat had been made fast to her wharf at Marathon, he saw Jack issue from the captain's cabin, with Miss Hamilton by his side.

With a feeling of desperation, he approached them and began to apologize to the girl.

She cut him short with the remark that she wished to have nothing further to do with him henceforth, and then turned away from him.

Chester felt this cut all the more keenly because it was given in the presence of the boy for whom he had little consideration, or any real gratitude.

Jack escorted Miss Hamilton to the Marathon Inn and was introduced by the girl to her brother, Arthur Hamilton, a fine-looking young man of perhaps thirty years, who became very indignant when she told him the story of her experience on the bay with Wells.

"He did not even make an effort to sustain me on the wreck," said Amy, with flushed countenance. "He only seemed anxious to save himself. If it hadn't been for Mr. Darrell's gallant effort in my behalf I should have been drowned, for I was swept from the boom before he was able to reach me, and after making one fruitless dive in the heavy sea about the rocks, he finally grasped me just as I was going down the second time. I hope, Arthur, that you will show your appreciation of the service Mr. Darrell has rendered me, which I never can forget nor be too grateful for."

It is unnecessary to repeat what Mr. Hamilton said to Jack, but he made it plain to the boy that he was deeply

grateful to him for having saved his sister's life, and that he was his friend for life.

"I shall not, of course, offer you any recompense for your gallant conduct, for the service you have rendered my sister is beyond all price," he said; "but if I can do anything for you, no matter what the cost, I shall be glad to do it. A man of my standing and resources can always be of material assistance to a young fellow like you, who is just starting out in life. I shall consider it a favor that you will permit me, when the occasion serves, to do something that will advance you on your road to success. It is but fair that you should give me an opportunity to testify the estimation in which I hold you, if only to partially recognize the obligation I and my sister are under to you."

Jack thanked him and said that he really didn't know of any way at present that Mr. Hamilton could aid him, but if he saw how he could avail himself of his promised assistance he would do so.

"As we shall probably remain in Marathon until early in the fall, we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you often in the meantime," said Mr. Hamilton. "Drop in on us at any time. You will always be welcome."

The conversation then turned on Marathon, and Mr. Hamilton asked Jack a good many questions about the place.

Speaking of summer amusements, the boy referred to the Coast Baseball League, which had been formed the previous spring, taking in Rockland, the railroad terminal, Cinnebar, Marathon and Pimlico—the latter four miles from Marathon by trolley.

Mr. Hamilton at once showed great interest.

Jack told him that each team during the league's first season had played forty odd games, the Rockland representative winning the pennant by a good margin, Cinnebar coming in second, Pimlico a fair third, while Marathon had enjoyed the discouraging honor of holding down last place from start to finish.

"Will the Coast League continue in business this year?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"Oh, yes!" replied Jack. "The season opens on the 4th of next month, with Cinnebar at Rockland, and Marathon at Pimlico."

"What sort of team will Marathon have this year?"

"I am sorry to say that Manager Gibson has made no changes for the better, and the outlook is rather discouraging for the rooters, who were thoroughly disgusted last season. They made all sorts of protests, and stayed away from the majority of the Marathon games, but Manager Gibson didn't seem to care. He owns the ball park, which is well equipped for the purpose, and having a grip on the franchise, no one else can take his place in the league. The managers of the other teams are sore on him, because under his way of doing business there is no money in visiting this place, which is really second to Rockland as a good ball town."

"He must be a fool," answered Mr. Hamilton.

"No, he isn't a fool, but I have heard he has some kind



of a grouch against the town, because the Town Council compelled him to make certain sanitary and other improvements in the Opera House, which he owns and runs, and which cost him considerable money. He knew Marathon was baseball mad last year, and he thought he would take his revenge against the citizens by giving them a rocky ball team."

"But he only cut off his financial nose to spite his face," replied the gentleman. "He was out all the money he might have taken in at the gate had he put a team in the league that made a satisfactory showing."

"He certainly lost a bunch of money; but he had the satisfaction of making the people of Marathon hopping mad."

"Rather an expensive luxury, I should imagine."

"Well, he's rich, I believe, and can afford to run the ball park at a loss, if he chooses to do so."

Jack then told the Hamiltons that he was the catcher of the team, while his chum, Fred Dallas, was the pitcher.

"With decent support, Fred would have landed Marathon in second place, I am sure, for he is regarded as the crack twirler of the league," said Jack. "But as it was we were not in it even a little bit."

"That was too bad," remarked Amy, who was more interested in Jack than ever, now that she had learned that he played in the Coast League. "I shall certainly come out to the grounds, with my brother, this summer to see you play ball, whether the Marathons win or not."

"If I play at all this season it will not be with Marathon," replied Jack.

"Why not?" asked Amy, looking much disappointed.

"Because I expect to leave the town in a few days for Rockland, where I have been promised a position in the law office of Benjamin Seabury."

"Then, we shan't see much of you, after all," replied Amy, still more disappointed, for she had already taken a great liking for the good-looking boy.

"Oh, you'll see me, I guess," laughed Jack. "My mother and sister do not expect to remove to Rockland until the fall, so I shall be over here pretty often all summer."

"But I should like to see you play ball so much," said Amy.

"You will probably have the opportunity to see me catch for the champion Rocklands occasionally, as Mr. Seabury is manager of the team, as well as president of the league, and he told me to-day that he intended to use me behind the bat, as he needed another catcher."

"That will be just splendid," said Amy, brightening up. "We will be able to see you, then, when the Rocklands come to Marathon or Pimlico; and, no doubt, we will sometimes go to Cinnebar, and even to Rockland, when we are sure you are to be in the game."

Jack nodded.

"Now," he said, "I want you to let me introduce you to my sister, Edith. You'll find her a nice girl."

"I shall be pleased to make her acquaintance. When will you introduce me?"

"I'll bring her around here to-morrow night, if you are willing."

"Do so by all means."

Jack promised that he would, and then took his leave, fully determined to see as much of Miss Hamilton as he possibly could.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### JACK AND HIS SISTER CALL ON THE HAMILTONS.

"Say, Jack," said Fred Dallas, in a tone of eager interest, when the boys met late on the following afternoon.

"What do you suppose I heard a little while ago?"

"I give it up. What did you hear?"

"That the Marathon franchise is on the market."

"No, you don't mean it!" replied Jack, in great surprise.

"Yes, I do. Manager Gibson has been a pretty sick man for a month, as you know."

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, his doctor has ordered him to Europe, so I heard that he's going to lease the ball park, and the franchise will naturally go with it."

"That will be good news for the disgruntled fans."

"Bet your life it will! Whoever steps into Gibson's shoes will, no doubt, secure a decent team to represent the town. It's too bad that you're going over to Rockland. I'd rather have you catch for me than anybody else."

"And I'd rather catch for you than any other pitcher. There's one thing, however, I'd prefer even to that."

"What is it?"

"To take the franchise off Mr. Gibson's hands myself. If I only had the price I'd do it quicker than wink. I know I could make money out of the venture, and money as well as the honor of managing a winning ball team, is what I'm out for."

"Do you really think you could make it pay?"

"I do. But what's the use of talking? I'm not a capitalist, even in a small way."

"I wish you could tackle the proposition," said Fred. "You wouldn't need to leave Marathon, then."

"Of course not. I'd have enough to do to run my end of the Coast League. I wonder who will get the franchise and the park?"

"It's hard to say. We'll no doubt hear in a few days."

That evening, Jack, according to promise, took his sister to the Marathon Inn and introduced her to Amy Hamilton and her brother.

The two girls took an immediate liking for each other, and were soon as chummy as if they were old friends.

Jack and Arthur Hamilton got to talking together, and after awhile Darrell mentioned that there was a prospect that a good team would be placed in Marathon that season, after all.

"Has Manager Gibson come to his senses?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"I can't answer for that. He's a pretty sick man just at present; and his doctor has ordered him to Europe. I heard



this afternoon that he's going to lease the ball park, and whoever secures it will want the franchise, of course."

"He ought to have no trouble in getting somebody to take the park off his hands."

"He won't. I wish I could do it."

"You!" ejaculated Arthur Hamilton, in some surprise.

"Are you ambitious to become a baseball magnate?"

"I'd like to be one. I know I could make baseball pay in this town. There's nothing that would suit me better than to manage a ball team. I'm willing to bet that I'd bring the pennant of the Coast League to Marathon this year."

"You speak confidently."

"I always talk as I feel."

"But playing baseball is one thing, while managing a team is quite another."

"I know that, Mr. Hamilton, but I'd not be afraid to tackle the problem."

"Tell me just what you would do in case the Marathon franchise was offered to you, and the park was at your disposal."

Jack, with considerable enthusiasm, outlined his plan of action.

"In the first place, I'd sign a dozen players, who, man for man, would be able to hold their own with the Rockland bunch. Then, with Fred Dallas in the box, I'd count on winning a safe majority of the games played. A team that could make Rockland hustle for the honors would fill the park here at every game, and would draw like a mustard plaster in Rockland, too. If Cinnebar and Pimlico made the same showing as last year, I'd draw good money in those two towns also. Altogether, I'd have a good balance in my favor to show at the end of the season."

"That sounds very well, Jack, but, remember, to get results you would have to be able to run the scheme on a strictly business basis. Let me hear how you would go to work about it."

"Why, I'd have my ticket-sellers, my gate-keepers, and a good man to look after the grounds. I'd rent out the bar, peanut, popcorn and candy privileges, but the score-card privilege I'd run myself. I'd sell advertising space on the cards, and on certain parts of the fence inside of the grounds. I'd encourage one or more business houses to issue cards with their business announcements on one side and the league schedule on the other, for free circulation. I'd confine the free list to members of the Town Council, the press, and to such other persons as I considered were entitled to the courtesy. When I took the team to the other towns on the circuit I'd place a man at each gate to see that my interests were protected; and at the proper time I'd go over the box-office statement, with the manager of the grounds we were playing, or his representative, and see to it that I got all that was coming to me. These are the main things that I would see carried out if I was so fortunate as to get hold of the Marathon franchise. As there isn't much chance that I ever will get hold of it, for I have

no money to invest in such an enterprise, why, you must take the will for the deed," concluded Jack, with a laugh.

Arthur Hamilton asked, after a pause:

"Who is attending to Manager Gibson's business?"

"His lawyer, George Appleby, who has an office in the same building where I work, No. — Main Street."

"Has the lease of the park been advertised?"

"Not to my knowledge. It was a surprise to me when I heard Fred Dallas say it was on the market."

"I suppose there will be several bidders for the place and franchise?"

"I know that Chester Wells would be glad to get in on both."

"Chester Wells, eh?" said Arthur Hamilton, with a frown. "Has he the money and the ability to conduct the enterprise successfully?"

"I don't know about his ability to do so, but he's got the money all right. His father, who is president of the Marathon National Bank, allows him all he wants."

"An excellent way to spoil the young man," replied Hamilton.

"However, Mr. Seabury, the president of the league, will have something to say as to the disposal of the franchise. Whoever secures the park and wants the franchise will have to be elected a member of the executive committee of the league, and if a majority of the managers object to his coming into the fold he will have to step aside in favor of a more desirable candidate."

"But supposing an undesirable party leases the park and refuses to be shut out in the cold, what then? Surely the league has no claim on the grounds. The league must either recognize his right to avail himself of the franchise, or cut Marathon out of the circuit, selecting some other available town, or reducing the pennant race to the other three places."

"Manager Gibson ran the park as a public picnic ground before the formation of the league, and I suppose his successor can do the same if the magnates won't take him into the circuit; but it wouldn't be anywhere near as profitable as it would be as a ball ground with a good team in the pennant race. The people, instead of going to the park, as they used to, will go out to Pimlico on Saturday afternoons to see a league game, like they did last year, so that what Marathon loses, Pimlico will gain. If the circuit has to be reduced to three towns, arrangements will probably be made to pool the entire receipts of the league and have a game every Saturday in Pimlico, for the combined attendance from Pimlico and Marathon will be likely to warrant such an arrangement."

"You seem to understand the situation thoroughly, Jack," said Hamilton, with a smile.

"Well, sir, I am merely figuring on the matter as it strikes me, from a business point of view. I know that Mr. Seabury is not the kind of man who can be forced to accept conditions that he doesn't approve of. I heard that he read the riot act to Manager Gibson at the last meeting, and threatened to take the franchise away from him unless



he strengthened his team, which he promised to do, but that's all it amounted to. But if Gibson goes out you can take my word for it that the next man will have to show that he can make good or he won't get the franchise."

At this point Miss Amy chipped in.

"I think you two have been discussing baseball long enough," she said. "It is about time that we received a little attention ourselves."

"That's right," admitted Jack, laughingly, and the conversation thereafter became general, until Darrell and his sister took their departure.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE LEASE OF MARATHON PARK.

Next morning, Arthur Hamilton, with a purpose in his mind, called on Manager Gibson's lawyer.

"I understand, Mr. Appleby, that the ball park, owned by Mr. Gibson, is for lease. Have I been rightly informed?"

"You have."

"Does the Coast League franchise go with the park?"

"It does, but subject to the approval of the league's executive committee."

"Exactly. Have you received any bids yet?"

"Several."

"How long do you expect to keep the matter open?"

"Until to-morrow afternoon."

"I should like to see the grounds, if you have no objection."

"With the view of submitting a bid?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I will send my clerk with you. He will make all necessary explanations. Should you submit a bid, and the award be made to you, as you are a stranger to me, I shall require a suitable guarantee that you will carry out the terms of the lease."

"I will furnish you with an acceptable guarantee, Mr. Appleby."

Mr. Appleby called his clerk and instructed him to take Mr. Hamilton over to the park, show him around and supply him with whatever information he asked for.

Arthur Hamilton soon demonstrated that he knew what he was about, and when he finally parted from the clerk the young man was of the opinion that the gentleman was, or had been, a baseball manager somewhere.

On his return to the Inn, Hamilton called up Benjamin Seabury, of Rockland, on the long-distance wire, and had a talk with him.

What he said so impressed the president of the Coast League that he said he would come over to Marathon on the Seabird that afternoon and see him.

He kept his word, and appeared at the Inn at about five o'clock.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Hamilton. I have heard about you frequently. You are looking for the Marathon franchise for a friend, I suppose?" was the way Mr. Seabury opened the interview.

"Yes, sir. I want it for a young man who, I think, is quite capable of holding his end up and working for the best interests of the Coast League."

"That is the kind of person we are looking for Mr. Hamilton. We don't want a repetition of the Gibson regime, if we can help ourselves. Who is the party?"

"I will introduce him to you if I secure the lease of the grounds. It ought to be enough at present for you to know that I will hold myself responsible for him in every way."

"Your guarantee will be sufficient, no matter who he is."

"I have been over the ball park, sized up its facilities and possibilities, and will put in my bid as soon as you have given me the information to enable me to act intelligently."

"I am prepared to do that now. I have brought over the record of the business the league did last season."

The two gentlemen sat down to a table and went over the details of the previous season together, and discussed other matters of importance, bearing on the situation.

"It is quite possible that my bid may not be the highest, Mr. Seabury," said Hamilton, finally, "but I shall make it as low as is consistent with probable results. The young man I am backing is not going into this thing for fun. He cannot afford such a luxury. I will see, however, if we get the franchise and park that he secures a lot of players who will make your own team hustle if you expect to win the pennant this season."

"That's what I like to hear, Mr. Hamilton," said Mr. Seabury, rubbing his hands. "I'd rather take your word for that than most men's bonds, for I know you understand what the situation calls for, and your experience in the business yourself is a sufficient guarantee for me to know that Marathon will be well represented if your man takes hold."

"My bid will be made from a business standpoint, Mr. Seabury."

"Naturally," replied the Rockport lawyer.

"It will be as high as I think the prospects warrant. In fact, I think there is only one person who is likely to outbid me."

"Who is that, if I may ask?"

"Chester Wells, son of the president of the Marathon National Bank."

"Hum!" said Mr. Seabury, with a slight frown. "Is he after the franchise?"

"I understand that he is. And he has the money, I am told, to get it if only for a plaything."

"He may be able to lease the park, but he can't secure the franchise unless the present managers of the league are willing to let him have it. In view of your application, I think there is very little chance of his getting it. Of course, if he secures the grounds, that would knock your man out, as no other available field could be fitted up in time to be of use, without taking into consideration the large outlay of ready money that would render one or two season's management unprofitable. I think I may safely say that if the young man in question gets Marathon Park, sufficient pressure will be brought to bear on him to induce him to



give it up, or this town will be cut out of the league and other arrangements made to complete the circuit."

Mr. Seabury dined with the Hamiltons, and after the meal both gentlemen visited Manager Gibson's lawyer at his home.

Arthur Hamilton submitted his bid for the use of the park for one year, with the privilege of renewal for another year on the same terms.

"The bids will be opened and passed on to-morrow afternoon at my office, Mr. Hamilton," said the lawyer. "You are invited to call there at two o'clock."

"I will be there."

Then Mr. Seabury had something to say.

"It will be well for you to let it be known, Mr. Appleby, that the lease of the park does not carry with it the franchise of the Coast League."

"Why not?" asked the surprised lawyer. "I understood that the transfer of the Marathon franchise from Mr. Gibson to his successor would be a mere matter of form."

"The executive committee of the league will require a substantial guarantee that there will be no repetition of last season's tactics in Marathon this year. Such a guarantee I have had from Mr. Hamilton, who is a baseball man of wide experience, and I have every confidence that his representative will fill the bill. The reason I am making this matter plain is that I understand that you have received, or will receive, a bid from young Chester Wells for the park. Should his offer prevail, I think it is more than doubtful that he will be elected a member of the league's executive committee, in default of which he cannot obtain the Marathon franchise."

"But if he controls the park——"

Mr. Seabury shrugged his shoulders.

"If Chester Wells persists in leasing Marathon Park he will either have to sell his lease to some more acceptable candidate for the franchise or Marathon will be dropped from the league."

Mr. Appleby looked rather blank at that.

"Isn't this like holding a club over Mr. Gibson?" he asked. "It is to his interests to get all he can for his park. By affixing such a string to the ball franchise you are depreciating the value of his property."

"You forget, Mr. Appleby, that Mr. Gibson paid nothing for the franchise. In our articles of incorporation it is distinctly stated that the four franchises are the property of the league, and that no member thereof has any individual right or title to one or more of them, except on the terms laid down by the by-laws. The executive committee is empowered to dispose of the said franchises as it sees fit, and can at any time, for reasons deemed sufficient by a majority of the committee, revoke or transfer any one of the four franchises, and its action shall be considered as final. If Chester Wells's bid is higher than Mr. Hamilton's, I will undertake that the league will make up to you the difference, provided you will give me your word that no advantage will be taken of my offer."

"Very well, Mr. Seabury, I accept your proposition, pro-

vided Chester Wells, if successful, does not sign the lease, and you have my word that you shall have a fair deal," said the manager's lawyer.

As the visitors had nothing more to say, they took their departure, and Mr. Seabury put up for the night at the Marathon Inn.

Next morning he left by boat for Rockland.

At two o'clock Arthur Hamilton arrived at Mr. Appleby's office, and found there Chester Wells, whom he refused to recognize, and three other men.

Wells showed considerable surprise at his appearance as a bidder for the park, and it was clear that he didn't like it.

Before opening the bids, Mr. Appleby announced that the baseball franchise must not be considered as included in the lease of the park, as it was the property of the Coast League and could not be transferred except with the consent of that organization's executive committee.

"But that's a matter of form, isn't it?" asked Chester Wells. "The franchise is worth nothing to any one who does not control the park."

"That is a question I cannot pass upon. Whoever leases the park must adjust the matter with the league officials," replied the lawyer. "The business in hand simply concerns the park. Any bidder wishing to withdraw his proposal may do so."

Chester Wells and Arthur Hamilton stood pat.

The other bidders looked doubtful, and Mr. Appleby allowed them fifteen minutes to consider the matter.

Finally one of them said he guessed he would draw out, so the lawyer returned him his bid and he left the office.

The four remaining bids were then opened, and Chester's was found to be \$100 higher than Hamilton's which was the next highest.

"The lease is mine, then," said Chester, triumphantly.

"Are you willing to sign the lease, with your father's guarantee that the rental will be punctually paid each month, when I assure you that you cannot secure the Coast League franchise?"

"Who says I can't secure it?" cried Chester, aggressively.

"Mr. Benjamin Seabury, president of the league. I believe the disposition of the franchise has already been settled on."

"He has no right to do me out of it. The franchise should go with the park."

"The park is the property of Mr. Gibson; the franchise belongs to the league."

"I will telephone Mr. Seabury at once."

"I think you had better. I will hold the matter over for one hour so that you can decide whether to take the park or not."

Chester Wells left the office in an angry mood.

He didn't want the park without the franchise, at the same time he didn't see what good the franchise was to any one unless he had control of the park.

While Arthur Hamilton returned to the Inn to await the issue, Chester went to his father's bank and called up Mr. Seabury on the long-distance wire.



The Rockland lawyer wasted very few words over the matter.

He flatly told Chester that the franchise was already practically disposed of.

"But I've got the option on the lease of the park," protested Wells.

"That is nothing to me."

"Yes, it is," retorted Chester, thinking he had the bulge on the situation. "The franchise is no good without the grounds."

"As to that, the grounds will be a losing speculation without the franchise, young man," laughed the magnate. "Now, look here, to be plain with you, we don't want you in the league. If you lease the park we'll cut Marathon out of the circuit. That's all there is to it."

"What have you got against me?" demanded Chester, sourly.

"Nothing at all; but we prefer to have an experienced manager in each town."

"I understand the baseball business, and as I've money to burn, I'll put a team here that will make things hum."

"Sorry, but the franchise is already promised to a person endorsed by the president of the New England League."

"Is that person Mr. Arthur Hamilton? Why, he's a sick man."

"No. If you were well up in baseball you'd know that Mr. Hamilton is the president of the New England League. Chester Wells was paralyzed.

"Then, I can't have the franchise?"

"That's about the size of it. Are you going to take the park?"

"No. I have no use for it now."

"Very well. In consideration of your disappointment, I will issue you a season's pass, good for admission to any ground on the circuit. Good-by."

An hour later Arthur Hamilton signed the lease for Marathon Park.

## CHAPTER VI.

### JACK IS TREATED TO THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE.

After leaving Mr. Appleby's office, with a copy of the lease of the ball park in his pocket, Arthur Hamilton visited Lawyer Richards' office, in the same building, and found Jack Darrell at his desk, filling out a legal document.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Hamilton?" said Jack, somewhat surprised at receiving a visit from Amy's brother. "Sit down."

"I can't stop, Jack," replied Hamilton, with a smile. "I merely dropped in to say that I should like to see you at the Inn this evening, if you can make it convenient to call."

"Sure I can," answered the boy, delighted at the opportunity of meeting Miss Amy so soon again. "When shall I come over? About eight?"

"Yes, or a little earlier, if you can manage it."

"I can be there at half-past seven, if you say so."

"All right. Come, then."

Promptly at half-past seven, Jack was shown into Hamilton's room and found Amy there, looking, he thought, prettier than ever.

After some general talk, Hamilton got down to business.

"Now Jack, I believe the opportunity is mine to repay a small part of the obligation my sister and myself are under to you."

The boy looked surprised, and waited for him to explain.

"I think you said the other day that it was your ambition to become the manager of a good ball team? That nothing would please you better than to tackle the business end of baseball?"

"That's right. I did say so, and I mean it."

"Very well. I'm going to put the chance in your way to make good."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished boy.

"I have secured the lease of Marathon Park to-day, and the franchise of Marathon in the Coast League. I am going to turn both over to you."

"Is this a joke, Mr. Hamilton?" asked the amazed Jack.

"This doesn't look like one, does it?" said the gentleman, taking the lease of the ball grounds and showing it to Jack. "You are lawyer enough to see that this paper is perfectly regular."

"It certainly is," replied the boy, after glancing it over. "What's this?" he added, looking at a sheet that was attached to the printed form of lease. "Seems like a transfer."

"It is. Read it and you will see that I have legally transferred my lease over to you."

"My gracious! So you have. And does this carry the franchise?"

"No; but I have secured that for you by endorsing your capability for running the ball park on the lines of the league requirements. Mr. Seabury has taken my word for it."

"He has? Why, how did you manage to talk Mr. Seabury into such a thing? He is not an easy proposition, by any means."

"Well, he knows me by reputation, and that's good enough for him."

"Oh, he does know you? That, of course, makes some difference."

"Our acquaintance has been so short, Jack, that I have barely introduced myself to you. It will probably surprise you to learn that I am a practical baseball man of many years' standing."

"Are you, really?"

"I have managed several teams in Connecticut and Massachusetts. At present I am the president of the New England League."

"Is it possible!"

Jack's astonishment was so plain that Amy, who had been listening to their conversation, broke out into a merry laugh.



"Yes, Jack, it is a fact. You will find my picture in the baseball guides for this year."

"Gee! I don't wonder, then, that you had no trouble securing the franchise."

"I did have some trouble about the grounds. Chester Wells overbid me by a small amount and got the call on the park."

"Then, how did you manage to get it away from him?"

"He threw it up as soon as Mr. Seabury made it plain to him, over the wire, that he couldn't have the franchise."

"And so you actually persuaded Mr. Seabury to let me, a boy, have the Marathon franchise?"

"Well, he doesn't know as yet the identity of the person I have selected to run the franchise. I shall want you to go with me to-morrow morning over to Rockland to meet Mr. Seabury and the other two managers of the Coast League. I have made an appointment to meet them at noon in Mr. Seabury's office, where a special meeting of the league is to be held for the purpose of accepting Mr. Gibson's resignation and electing his successor a member of the executive committee."

"My goodness! I'm afraid there's to be a hitch."

"How so?"

"Why, Mr. Seabury expects me to go to work for him a week from next Monday, and his intentions are to use me behind the bat as change catcher on his team. When you introduce me as the person you have picked out to run the Marathon end of the league, I'm afraid he'll drop dead."

"You needn't worry about that, Jack. I am going to see you through. As I expect to remain in Marathon until the fall, you will have the benefit of my advice and experience at all times, and as I have sized you up as a pretty smart boy, who means business from the start-off, I don't think there will be any difficulty about you making good. At any rate, I am your broker, both from a financial and friendly point of view, and I shall make it clear to Mr. Seabury and his associates that they are making no mistake in associating you with themselves."

"Do you mean that I am to be the actual manager of the Marathon team, and that you are going to advance me the money to start the ball rolling?"

"That's just what I mean," replied Arthur Hamilton, smilingly. "The moment I saw my way to repaying you, in a measure, for saving Amy's life, I set to work to accomplish it with as little delay as possible. In fact, you have no time to lose if you want to put a good team in the field. I have figured out about what salary-list you can stand, and my position in the baseball world enables me to put you in touch with the best material obtainable for the price. Now, how about this friend of yours, Fred Dallas, who appears to be a corking good pitcher? You'll sign him, of course. What salary did he get last year?"

"You'll hardly believe me when I tell you the figure he got from Manager Gibson for playing the whole game, I might call it, with such assistance as I gave him. It was hardly worth considering, but, you see, Fred doesn't look at money like some persons do, for his people are well fixed.

Now, as I believe in doing the right thing by everybody, I shall, if you offer no objection, pay Fred a decent salary."

"My dear young friend, don't figure on me offering any objection to what you do. You will be, after to-morrow, the baseball magnate of Marathon. I shall expect you to run matters according to your best judgment. I shall be merely a figure in the background. I shall be chary about making any suggestions unless you ask for them, or I should see that you were losing your grip. I am anxious to see just what is in you as a baseball manager, and the only way to find that out is to make you paddle your own canoe. I will advance enough money to give you a fair start, and after that you must pull yourself through. Of course, I do not mean to say that I won't help you if you should get tangled up, for I will; but as that, in the face of the promising prospects I consider you have before you, would be practically an admission of incompetency on your part to handle the situation, I sincerely trust that you will not find yourself in need of appealing to me for assistance."

"I do not think you need fear that I will. All I ask is the opportunity to show what I can do, and if I fail to hold up my end it will be me to the down-and-out club."

"Well, the opportunity is yours. Beginning from the moment of your election to the executive committee of the league let me see how you can pull out."

"You are very generous, Mr. Hamilton, in thus giving me a chance to get ahead in the world just when I feel the need of doing something worth while, and I cannot thank you too much."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. The obligation is all on our side. Amy, I am sure, would never have given me a moment's rest if she knew I let this chance to favor you pass by."

"That's right, brother Arthur," said Amy. "You have only done the right thing by Mr. Darrell. I shall take a great interest in his career as a baseball magnate, and shall look to see him make a brilliant success."

"Thank you, Miss Hamilton. I shall put you at the head of the free list."

"Oh, dear, no; I hope you do not mean to begin in such a reckless way as that. Brother and I intend to pay our way into the games, like anybody else."

"That wouldn't be quite fair," replied Jack. "I couldn't think of it."

"Well, we'll decide that question another time," laughed Amy.

After spending a pleasant evening, Jack took his leave, promising to meet Mr. Hamilton next morning in time to catch the Seabird for Rockland.

## CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH JACK BECOMES A BASEBALL MAGNATE.

At quarter to twelve next day, Arthur Hamilton, accompanied by Jack Darrell, walked into Benjamin Seabury's law office in the Granite Block, Rockland.

The president of the Coast League and his associates,



Josiah Singleton, of Cinnebar, and John Cooper, of Pimlico, were there, waiting for the appearance of their expected visitors.

Mr. Seabury raised his eyebrows in surprise when he saw Jack, and wondered what had brought him over to Rockland with Hamilton.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Hamilton," said the Rockport magnate. "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to Arthur Hamilton, president of the New England Baseball League. Mr. Singleton, Mr. Hamilton; Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hamilton."

No attention was paid to Jack, who took a seat and awaited developments, with a beating heart.

"Gentlemen," responded Hamilton, "I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I presume you have come together to transact a little business connected with the transfer of the Marathon franchise."

"Yes, sir. I have Mr. Gibson's resignation as a member of the executive committee in my pocket. But I thought you were going to bring over the person you have secured the franchise for. We are ready to elect him a member of the committee to fill Mr. Gibson's place, and the gentleman ought to be present at the meeting, for we naturally desire to make his acquaintance, and talk over with him the plans he has probably outlined for the conduct of the Marathon end of the circuit."

"I brought him over with me, Mr. Seabury," replied Hamilton, calmly.

"Indeed! Is he in the outer office? You'd better ask him to walk in here and be introduced."

"He is already in this room," replied Hamilton, with a covert smile.

"In this room?" exclaimed Mr. Seabury, while the other managers looked at Jack, whom they recognized as the catcher and captain of last season's Marathon team. "Why, why, I don't see anybody but Jack Darrell, who came in with you. Surely you do not mean that he is the person you have selected to run the Marathon franchise?"

"He is the person," answered Hamilton, in a decided tone.

"Why, man alive, he is only a boy!" cried Benjamin Seabury, with an impatient frown. "I hope you haven't made the mistake of thinking this is a schoolboy league, because it is far from it, as Darrell might have told you, for he played with Marathon last season, and he ought to know what he and his team were up against."

"He knows it only too well, Mr. Seabury, and he proposes, through my help, to remedy it in a way that will, he hopes, land the pennant in Marathon this fall."

"Indeed," replied the president of the Coast League, with a palpable sneer. "Why, it isn't a week ago that he came into my office looking for a position, as Mr. Richards, his present employer, is about to retire from his law practice. I promised to take him, as I happened to have an opening. As he is a good catcher, I intended to utilize him on my team. Now, am I to understand that you seriously

consider him as a competent person to manage Marathon in this league?"

"I do," replied Hamilton, promptly.

"If it wasn't that I have a great respect for your baseball judgment, Mr. Hamilton, I would tell you in a very few words that your selection of a manager for Marathon is not at all satisfactory to me, nor, do I think, to my associates. I can only say that I am very much astonished that you should pick that boy out as a suitable candidate for election on this committee. Perhaps you will not object to informing us what your grounds are for believing that he can fill the bill?"

"Mr. Seabury, I have had, as I believe you are aware, an experience of about ten years in professional baseball, both as a player and as manager of three of the leading teams of the New England League, which is one of the most prosperous of the minor organizations in this country. At the close of last season I was obliged, owing to a physical breakdown, to retire from the active management of the Worcester team, which landed the championship by a narrow margin. At the annual meeting of the league I was unanimously elected its president for a term of two years. Now, gentlemen, I think that my record justifies my claim to a practical knowledge of both the playing and business ends of the game."

The three Coast League magnates nodded, as though they hadn't the slightest doubt about the matter.

"Consequently," went on Hamilton, "I think I am fully capable of sizing up the capabilities of a promising player, or judging the fitness of a person whose ambition lies in the business end of baseball. Now, gentlemen, I am under great personal obligation to this young man here, for he saved my sister's life the other day, under circumstances that would have daunted many an older and less courageous person. You all probably read about the matter in the papers this week."

The three magnates again nodded and looked at Jack, with a new interest.

"This of itself would not warrant me making the effort to force him upon your consideration as manager of the Marathon team, for sentiment these days has very little to do with business. There are other ways I could find in which to reward him for what he did for my sister. But, gentlemen, having learned about the baseball situation in Marathon, and Jack having incidentally spoken to me about his ambition to manage a ball team, I decided, after questioning him closely as to his general knowledge of the game and his capabilities to manage a team successfully, to procure the Marathon franchise for him. Now to quiet any doubt you may entertain in this matter, I will repeat, what I have already said to Mr. Seabury, that I will stand sponsor for Jack Darrell. I will personally guarantee that he will run the marathon franchise to your satisfaction. That you may be assured of this I need only say that I have arranged to spend the summer in this locality, and therefore my young friend will have the advantage of my advice and instruction from the start, so that he need not be at sea



should he happen to find himself in rough waters. Furthermore, as he cannot undertake the franchise without capital, I wish you all to understand that I am his financial backer in the enterprise, and will see him through the season. I hope, gentlemen, that will satisfy you that Marathon will be well taken care of this year."

"Your explanation, Mr. Hamilton, puts an entirely different face on this matter," said Mr. Seabury. "I have no hesitation in saying that it meets with my approval. I leave it to my associates to speak for themselves."

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Singleton.

"So am I," nodded Cooper.

"Then, gentlemen, we will proceed to business," said Mr. Seabury. "I call the committee to order. It is unnecessary for me to repeat the reason why I have called you together. I will now read you the resignation of Mr. Andrew Gibson."

The president of the Coast League drew an envelope from his pocket, and taking therefrom an enclosure, read it out aloud.

"Now, gentlemen, what is your pleasure in this matter?"

"I move that Mr. Gibson's resignation be accepted," said Singleton.

"Second the motion," said Mr. Cooper.

"It is moved and seconded that Mr. Gibson's resignation as a member of this organization be accepted. All in favor of that will say, Aye."

"Aye!" spoke up Singleton and Cooper, in a breath.

"It is carried unanimously," said the president. "Our next business is to elect Mr. Gibson's successor. Jack Darrell, of Marathon, has been put forward for our consideration as a proper person to manage the Marathon franchise. All in favor of his election as a member of this organization will please express it."

Both of the other magnates said Aye.

"It is so ordered. Darrell, you are now a full-fledged member of the executive committee of the Coast Baseball League, and I trust you will do honor to the confidence we are placing in you by taking you into the fold."

"Gentlemen," said Jack, rising, "I thank you for the honor you have conferred on me, and will do my best to make my end of the league a success. I shall engage a team of players, with the assistance of Mr. Hamilton, that, I trust, will not only make things interesting, but will land the pennant in Marathon."

"You'll have to get a good one, then," smiled Mr. Seabury, grimly, "for my own team is stronger than it was last year, and I believe both Cinnebar and Pimlico have made changes for the better."

"Thank you for the hint, Mr. Seabury. I will not fail to remember, when picking out my players, what I may be up against."

"I presume Fred Dallas will pitch for you this season," said Mr. Seabury.

"If he plays at all there isn't much doubt but you'll find him in a Marathon uniform. With the support I intend to give him, I don't think Rockland, Cinnebar nor Pimlico

will win any more games with two or three hits, like they did last year."

Mr. Seabury bit his lips, while the other magnates looked serious, for they all had a wholesome respect for Fred Dallas's work in the box.

"The season, as you know, will open on the fourth of May—Cinnebar playing in this town and Marathon in Pimlico. I hope you will be in good shape by that time. You have barely two weeks in which to make all your arrangements," said Mr. Seabury.

"I promise you that my team will be on hand, ready for business, on May 4th. Of course, I cannot expect my players to make the showing at the start that they will later on, when they have had the requisite amount of team practice. Your teams, gentlemen, will have the advantage of two or three weeks' practice; but still I hope to make Pimlico hustle on the opening day, and what we will do to Rockland remains for Mr. Seabury to discover when he brings his boys over on May 7th to Marathon."

"I am willing to take the chances of what you will do to us, Darrell," laughed the president of the league.

There was some further discussion about the prospects of the coming season in the Coast League, but all appeared to be satisfied that with a good team in Marathon it would prove both a financial and popular success.

Then Jack and Mr. Hamilton accepted an invitation from Mr. Seabury to lunch with himself and the other two magnates, and they finally left the restaurant just in time to catch the boat for Marathon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### JACK PLANS TO MAKE BASEBALL PAY.

Jack Darrell lost no time in getting busy with his baseball interests.

It was a question of hustle with him, and he hustled.

The season (consisting of 60 games) opened on the coming Saturday, May 4th, and games were scheduled on every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday up to September 14th, with the single exception of Tuesday, September 3d, as two games were slated for the preceding day—Labor Day.

As Decoration Day and Fourth of July fell on Thursday, morning and afternoon games were to be played on those dates.

The first thing he did was to hold a consultation with Mr. Hamilton on the trip back to Marathon on the Seabird.

The subject discussed was the personnel of the new team.

"I shall sign three of last season's players—Fred Dallas, pitcher; Frank Bassett, shortstop, and Tom Wickers, outfielder, whom I am going to put behind the bat. I could get them cheap, as the case stands, but I'm not going to offer them less than I will have to pay similar players in their class. The rest of the team, as re-engaged by Mr. Gibson, are not worth a cent more than he paid them, and are of no use to me."

Arthur Hamilton knew nothing about the playing ability of either Bassett or Wickers, but he judged they must be



clever at the business or Jack wouldn't indicate his intention to hold them.

As for Fred Dallas, the president of the New England League had heard enough about him to be satisfied that he was a crack box artist.

"You will need another pitcher as good as Dallas, Jack," said Hamilton. "The other managers have, no doubt, strengthened their pitching staff after seeing what they were up against in Dallas, and you must be prepared to meet them in this respect, and go a point better, if you can."

"I meant to speak to you about that very thing," replied the boy magnate.

"Well, I can get you a good man. You'll want another catcher, too, who can fill in as utility man. I guess twelve players altogether will about fill the bill," said Hamilton. "I'll write to the managers of the teams in my league and have them each get me two players. You'll have about a week to pick the nine new men you want and the rest can be let go."

"All right, sir. I shall be much obliged to you for doing that."

The matter of the team being settled, Hamilton devoted the balance of the time until the boat reached Marathon in giving the young manager practical advice about running the business.

That evening Jack visited the newspaper offices and had a talk with each of the editors who looked after the sporting columns.

Next morning the two Marathon dailies printed quite a story about the coming season of the Coast League, announcing that Jack Darrell had secured the grounds and the franchise, would make improvements at the park, and get a team together strong enough to make a good bid for the pennant.

Jack had just finished his breakfast and was about to start over to see Fred Dallas at his home, when that young man made his appearance in a state of considerable excitement.

"Is it really true that you have secured Marathon Park and the Coast League franchise, according to the story in this morning's Mercury?" asked Fred.

"Yes, it is true," replied Jack, with a smile.

"How, in the name of wonder, did you manage to get your hooks in? Why, the paper says you were elected a member of the league's executive committee yesterday, in Rockland."

"That's right."

"How did you do it?"

"Perhaps I'll tell you some time, but not now."

"Gee whiz! I never was so surprised in my life as when I read that story. I nearly fell off my chair at the breakfast-table. Say, you must have found an angel somewhere, because it will take money to put a decent team in this town, and to start the ball rolling in the way it ought to go."

"I'll admit that I have a backer. I couldn't have taken

hold without one, for, as you well know, I haven't any money."

"Who is he? Any one I know?"

"No."

"I can't for the life of me see how you got the inner track of Chester Wells. He's been giving out all around that he expected to get the park and the franchise. He said he would put a team here that would win the championship hands down. He said he didn't care whether he made anything or not."

"Well, he got so far that he had the refusal of the grounds, but Mr. Seabury wouldn't let him have the franchise under any circumstances, and so he pulled out."

"And yet Seabury let you have the franchise?" said Fred, opening his eyes.

"He certainly did."

"Well, if that doesn't beat the Dutch. Why, if anybody around here could have got it I should think that Chester, with his father to back him, would have secured it. He'll be hopping mad when he reads that article in the paper."

"I can't help that. Now, Fred, you're going to sign to pitch for me this season, aren't you?"

"Sure thing! Bring on your contract and I'll put my name to it."

"I'll do that as soon as I get them printed. But you don't inquire about your salary."

"Oh, I'll play for you at any old salary."

"No, you won't. You got \$12 a week from Mr. Gibson, and you pitched three-quarters of the games. Now, I'm going to give you \$25 a week, and you will alternate in the box with another man."

"Do you actually mean that?" asked Fred, in some astonishment.

"I do. Now I'm going up to the grounds to begin getting things into shape. You can go with me as far as the Mercury Job Printing Office. Bassett and Wickers are the only two beside yourself of the team Gibson re-engaged that I expect to keep. I shall want you to practice battery work with Wickers. He's going to be your backstop."

"Aren't you going to catch?"

"Certainly not. I'll have enough to do to look after the business end of my enterprise without thinking of playing ball."

"I dare say you're right. I didn't think of that. Who will captain the team?"

"I can't tell yet. Maybe Bassett, or possibly one of the new men, who will be here next week."

"Who is getting the players for you?"

"That's one of my business secrets, Fred."

"Well, I don't want to pry into your business, old chap," said Dallas, as they started up the street together. "I hope you'll make a success of this thing, and that the team will bring the pennant to Marathon."

"The boys will have to do their level best in that direction or there'll be something doing. I'm out for both fame and fortune now, and it will be a matter of business with me, from A to Z. I've got the chance of my life, and it's up to



me to make good. My backer will see me through the season, under all circumstances, but his expectation is that after the ball starts rolling I will be able to keep it running smoothly without any particular assistance from him. So you see it will be squarely up to me to make things pan out. To satisfy Marathon enthusiasts, I've got to have a winning team. Whether in the end we land the pennant or not, we must be within grasping distance all the time. As long as there is a good possibility of Marathon coming in first we shall pull the people. In the expectation that things will come my way, I am going to put up an addition to the grandstand, which isn't more than half large enough."

"I suppose the prices will be the same as last year?"

"Sure. The league committee fixes the tariff. The more I can get into the grandstand the better for me, as the visiting team's percentage is figured on the general admission basis."

"What's the capacity of the grandstand now?"

"There are 350 chairs. I'm going to enlarge it so as to get 250 more in, making 600 in all. I shall also build a place in front, behind the catcher, just large enough to accommodate the reporters and official scorers, and I'm going to put a suitable wire screen up to protect the stand from foul tips and such."

"These improvements are going to make a hole in your profits, aren't they?"

"I don't think so. I expect the 250 extra seats to more than pay for their cost."

"If you draw the people to fill them."

"I mean to draw the people. Marathon is just hungry for good ball playing, and I propose to give the people what they want."

"Manager Gibson didn't intend to make any improvements this season, and he owns the ground. All your improvements will revert to him."

"I'm going to run things differently from the way Gibson did, and I have practically a two-years' lease on the park. And at the end of that time, if things go the way I expect them to, I don't think I'll have any great difficulty in renewing the lease at a small advance."

They had now reached the Mercury job printing office, and there Jack parted from his chum.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AT THE BALL PARK.

Jack ordered letter-heads, envelopes, contracts and other printed stationery.

Also one hundred three-sheet posters, to be displayed about town on certain dead walls, as well as several hundred one-half sheet hangers for saloons, cigar stores, barber shops, etc.

Then he dropped in at the office of a contractor and took him out to the park to make an estimate for an immediate addition to each end of the present grandstand.

"The work must be completed on or before May 7th,"

said Jack, "for Rockland opens these grounds on that date."

"I can have it done all right if you give me the order by to-night," replied the contractor.

"Well, send your bid over to my house as soon as possible, and I will let you know this evening."

The contractor went off to make up his estimate, and then Jack walked over to where Fred Dallas, Frank Bassett and Tom Wickers stood talking over the new baseball situation in Marathon.

Bassett and Wickers expressed the surprise they felt on seeing it stated in print that Jack had got hold of the ball grounds and the Marathon franchise.

"Fred had been telling us that you're going to put a bang-up team here this season," said Bassett.

"That's right," replied Jack.

"And that we three are the only ones of the old team you're going to sign."

"That's right, too."

"Fred told me that I'm to take your place as his back-stop," chipped in Wickers.

"That's correct. You and he had better start in right away practising together. You haven't any time to lose. I'll have the contracts ready for you three to sign to-morrow. You'll get about double the money Gibson paid you last season, but there will be three games a week, you know, instead of two, as last year."

Bassett and Wickers were both surprised and delighted to learn they were to get more money.

"Say, here comes some of the other fellows," said Bassett. "They'll be as mad as hornets when you tell them they are going to be released."

"Can't help that," replied Jack. "I'm not bound by any arrangements made by Mr. Gibson. These chaps will have to look for their release from Mr. Appleby, as I have nothing to do with them. I shall get your release myself, to-day or to-morrow, from the lawyer, and then you'll be free to sign with me. And that reminds me, I must get my own release as well, to avoid any future complication."

By this time half a dozen of Gibson's team came up to where Jack and his three friends were standing.

They had come to the grounds for the morning practice, which had been conducted under the captainship of Frank Bassett for several days.

"Say, Darrell, what's this we've seen in the paper this morning?" asked Spindler, the first baseman. "It is reported that you are now the manager of Marathon this season, and that you're going to have a new team. Is that right?"

"It is."

"Then, where do we come in?" demanded Spindler, aggressively.

"You'll have to see Mr. George Appleby, in the Drew Building, on Main Street, about that. He represents Mr. Gibson."

"What's the matter with you signing the old team just as it stands? It isn't a fair deal to throw us out in the



cold now, just because you've got a swelled head and think we ain't good enough for you. I guess we know our business."

"Now, what's the use of getting a grouch on at me, Spindler? You know you chaps aren't fast enough to make a decent showing against any one of the other three teams of the league. That was plainly demonstrated last year, even with the advantage we had of the crack pitcher of the circuit, and those teams are stronger this season than they were last. I doubt if the Marathon team as now made up would win a game this year."

"Who says we wouldn't?" roared Spindler, angrily.

"I say so," replied Jack, coolly.

"Oh, you go bag your head!"

"Thanks. I think you had all better go down and see Mr. Appleby right away. I have no use for you here at all."

"Yah! You make me sick!" snarled the first baseman.

"You think you're going to do wonders this season, I s'pose. You'll be in the soup before Decoration Day, or my name ain't Jake Spindler."

"Well, I don't think you need worry yourself about the matter," replied Jack.

"Rats! The idea of a boy trying to run the Marathon franchise! I'd like to know where you got the money from to attempt such a ridiculous thing."

"As long as I didn't borrow it from you it needn't concern you."

"Just listen to him, fellows! Did you ever see such a stuck-up rooster before? Some jay is backing him, and that individual will be mighty sick of it before a month is out, bet your life. Come on. We'll go and raise the deuce with that man Appleby. If he doesn't pay us for the time we've put in practising here we'll sue him."

The disgusted six walked away and met three more of the old team at the gate.

The crowd held a consultation, and then started off toward Main Street.

"I expected you'd have a run-in with Spindler," said Bassett. "He's always ready to shoot off that mouth of his. He gave the umpires more trouble last season than any six other players. He must have been put out of about a third of the games, which wasn't any great loss to us, for he's a lobster of a first baseman."

"Well, I hope I'm done with him and the rest of the team for good. It won't do them any good to come here, for I shall give orders to the man in charge of the grounds not to admit them inside the fence. Now, Fred, you might pass a tip to some of the High School lads that I shall be glad to have them come out here and practice for the rest of the week at least."

"I'll do it, Jack. By the way, I heard on my way out here that Chester Wells went to Boston yesterday morning, so he won't be likely to learn that you have got the franchise and the park until he returns. Then I bet he'll be out here with blood in his eye."

"Let him come; but if he tries to pick a quarrel with me I'll have to send him about his business. I'd prefer not to

have a racket with him, but I don't propose to stand any nonsense from him or anybody else. I'm in business with both feet, and have no time to lose with sore-heads. Running a baseball park and a salaried team is not child's play by any means. My payroll for the season will run close to \$5,000. Then there's the rent of the ground for the whole year to be considered, besides printing, advertising, and all the incidental expenses connected with the business. I've got to pull the people to make any money out of the game. But I'm sure that good ball playing will do that. My sister is going to help me out as bookkeeper at night when she's through at her store."

"Well, I'll help you out any way I can, too," said Fred. "All you have to do is to call on me any time you want me."

"Same here," said Bassett and Wickers together.

"Thank you, fellows. I shall probably have occasion to avail myself of your generous offers. If I do, I shan't forget what I owe you."

"That will be all right. We'll stand by you, rain or shine, and don't make any mistake about it. You're doing the right thing by us, giving us more money than we ask for, so you can depend that we'll help see you through to the best of our ability. Isn't that right, Bassett, Wickers?"

"You can bet it's right," replied Bassett, and Wickers nodded his assent.

"All right, boys. I'm glad to have three good friends at my back in this enterprise. I'm more than ever sure that I shall pull out at the top of the heap."

"If I can hold the other teams down as well this season as I did last, and have the right kind of support behind me, I guess you'll have a look-in on the pennant, especially if the new pitcher you're going to get will do his share toward the same result," said Fred, resolutely. "It would give me a whole lot of satisfaction to see you win the championship, Jack."

"Well, I'm going to win it if trying hard will do it. I shall offer a bonus to the players if they land the flag, for it will be worth a whole lot to me next season."

The four boys walked into the room that was furnished up as an office.

"I'm going to make some improvements here right away," said Jack. "I'll put up a rack full of highly polished bats on the wall outside that railing. Then I'll have the pictures of you three taken, enlarged size, and hung about the room."

"How about yourself, Jack?" said Fred. "Don't leave yourself out or we'll feel lonesome. You led the league in batting last season. Get yourself photographed, standing ready to bat, and hang it up here, with a couple of foul-line flags draped above it, and underneath it put the silver-plated loving cup that the league officials presented you with as champion slugger. That will set the room off better than anything I know of."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea, though it might make people think I'm conceited."

"Nonsense! As you may not play ball again for some



time, if ever, it will be nice for you to have something that will remind you of old times on the diamond."

Jack rather fancied the suggestion, and decided to carry it out.

## CHAPTER X.

### CHESTER WELLS HEARS DISAGREEABLE NEWS.

Jack was a mighty busy boy during the rest of that week.

He re-engaged the ground keeper and watchman at a salary of \$10 per week, during the season, and \$5 a week for the rest of the year, with free apartments for himself and family over the office and dressing-rooms.

He engaged two of his former schoolmates to sell tickets for him, and two others to tend the gates, on the days when there were games on the home grounds, and they were to be paid so much for each day that they were employed.

Then he had his posters put up in the locations that were best suited for them, and they immediately attracted great attention.

The hangers were distributed where they were expected to do the most good.

Then he had show-cards printed and put around among the drug, music, stationery, and better-class stores, stating that grandstand tickets for the opening day were on sale there.

The contractor had got the order to enlarge the grandstand, and make other alterations on the grounds, and he had a force of men at work hurrying the job ahead.

Arthur Hamilton and his sister came out to the park to see how things were getting on, and to them Jack explained what he had done and was doing to set the ball rolling full swing from the opening day on the Marathon grounds.

Hamilton was much pleased with the energy and good judgment he was displaying, and told Amy that Jack Darrell was a comer and no mistake.

"That boy is going to make the other managers stare before the season is over, mark my words on it, Amy. He's as smart as chain lightning. He takes hold like a house on fire. Why, he's got the newspapers worked up in a great shape. He's covered the field completely. The town will be baseball mad by the opening day. And look how he is preparing for the rush. I'll wager he'll fill the enlarged stand the first day, and probably every Saturday afterward that the team plays in Marathon."

Amy was delighted at the praise her experienced brother bestowed on Jack, for the interest she felt in her brave rescuer was increasing every day.

Jack called for bids on the bar and other privileges, except the score-card one.

The latter he intended to run on his own account, and having got out a specimen sheet he hustled around for season advertisements to fill it up.

He had only intended to get out a four-page card, with advertisements on the top and bottom of the first page, around the score blanks, and on the back page, but he soon

saw that he could get more advertisements than he expected, and changed his plans to a sixteen-page folder, to be printed on heavy paper, taking advertisements by the week, month or season.

He had no difficulty in disposing of his privileges at a good price, after rejecting offers which he did not consider as high as the season's prospects warranted.

So far he had seen or heard nothing from Chester Wells.

The reason for that was that Chester had remained several days in Boston.

He returned to Marathon Friday night, and when he went to the rooms of the Marathon Boat Club, after dinner, where he was accustomed to hob-nob with his own particular set, he soon learned all about the baseball situation in town.

"I thought you were going to get the ball franchise, Chester," said a crony.

"Oh, I got done out of it by the president of the New England League. He secured it for a friend of his."

"He did, eh?"

"That's what Mr. Seabury told me over the wire. I had the call on the grounds, but there was no use of my holding it when I couldn't get the franchise. So I let the thing go, and Mr. Hamilton, who is stopping at the Marathon Inn, signed the lease. He's the president of the New England League, and is staying in this neighborhood for his health."

"But I thought you were a friend of his?"

"Well, I was till I spilled his sister, along with myself, into the bay last week. Since then he's been sore on me."

"Well, who do you suppose has got the franchise?"

"How should I know?"

"A boy. The catcher of last season's team—Jack Darrell."

"What!" gasped Chester.

"That's right. And he seems to be a hustler from Hustlerville. The papers are predicting a record season under his management. He's been elected a member of the executive committee of the Coast League, and is on the same footing with the other managers. That man Hamilton must be backing him in great shape, for he's making a number of alterations at the park to increase the seating capacity. Then he's billing the town, as if he had a theatrical show at the Opera House. Since he started in there is nothing else talked about in town but baseball. Everybody I meet is going to the opening game a week from Tuesday, when Rockland comes over to start the ball in this burg. The papers say that Darrell will have a team that will bring the Flag to Marathon, or come mighty near doing it."

Chester Wells was too dazed by the unwelcome intelligence to make any reply as his crony rattled on.

He could scarcely believe that Jack Darrell, the boy to whom he owed his life, had succeeded where he had failed.

The very idea of such a thing was gall and wormwood to his soul.

That he, the son of the president of the Marathon National Bank, should be turned down to make an opening



for a poor and unimportant boy like Jack Darrell was something that he couldn't get through his aristocratic head.

He regarded it as an insult to the town, perpetrated by Benjamin Seabury, of Rockland, who, no doubt had some ulterior purpose in view.

"I'll bet Seabury was afraid I would bring a team here that would make his own look like thirty cents, and that he wouldn't have even a look-in this year at the flag," he said, wrathfully. "Mark my words, the whole thing is cut and dried that Rockland is to have the championship this year, too," he asserted. "You'll see it will come out true. With the money I can command, Seabury knew I would make things hum in a way that would take all the credit away from his town. That's why he wouldn't let me into the league. I'm dead sorry now that I didn't hold on to the park when I could have got it. That would put a spoke in his wheel. Why, I could have brought two good teams to this town and given the people first-class ball all summer, and then the league team wouldn't have been missed."

"There wouldn't have been the excitement of the pennant race in that case, and that means a whole lot to us over here," replied his friend.

"Oh, bosh! I'd have offered a trophy to the team that made the best showing, and the people would come to see which was going to win it."

"Well, it's too late now for you to talk about what you might have done. Jack Darrell is the center of interest now, and if he makes his promises good he's going to make all kinds of money, for I never saw people so worked up before over the game. Then, when the summer visitors come here he'll have a crowd in the park every day there is a game here. He's liable to draw more cash even than Rockland, bigger town as it is."

"Oh, let's talk about something else!" said Chester, impatiently.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MARATHON WINS THE OPENING GAME AT PIMLICO.

Jack, Dallas, Bassett and Wickers had posed in uniform for their pictures on the afternoon of the day Fred had suggested the idea, and enlarged framed copies of them were delivered to Darrell on Saturday morning.

Jack carried them out to the grounds, and he and his friends hung them about the office in conspicuous positions.

The rack of highly varnished and polished bats had already been affixed on the wall, and the boys, after placing twin foul-line flags over the young magnate's picture, and arranging the attractive trophy Jack had received for his batting record on a small table directly under his photograph, declared that the office presented a swell professional appearance.

While they were admiring it, Arthur Hamilton and his sister arrived.

They also admired the appearance of the office, and Amy went into ecstasies over Jack's picture.

"I am so disappointed because I won't have the pleasure of seeing you play ball this season," she said, with a charming little pout. "Couldn't you manage to play in just one game?"

"I'm afraid not, Miss Amy."

"My brother would look out for your interests while you were in the game. I mean to persuade him to talk to you about it."

Jack laughed and shook his head, as much as to say she would not be able to persuade her brother to interfere.

Hamilton went out into the grounds to see how the contractor was getting on with the grandstand, and Wickers went with him.

Just then, who should march into the office but Chester Wells, looking as if he was mad at something, as indeed he was.

Amy retreated to the railing, as she didn't care to run the risk of having him speak to her, if she could avoid it.

Chester, much to her satisfaction, paid no attention to her, but walked straight up to Jack, who stood near his desk.

"So you are running the Marathon franchise this year, are you?" said Chester, in an ungracious tone.

"I am."

"Didn't you know that I was after it?"

"I admit that I was told that you were."

"Then what did you chip in for?" demanded Chester, angrily.

"I thought I had a right to get it if I could. I've got to make a living. I don't live on Easy Street, like you."

"I should say that you didn't," sneered Wells. "You got the franchise through Arthur Hamilton, didn't you?"

"I don't think it makes any difference how I got it."

"He got it for you to pay you for saving his sister from possible drowning, I suppose."

"That isn't a fair remark for you to make, Chester Wells. I think I did as much for you as for Miss Hamilton on that occasion, and I didn't ask you to pay me for it."

"Well, I thanked you, didn't I?"

"Yes, you thanked me. And now will you tell me what I can do for you? I s'pose you had a reason for coming here this morning."

"I would like to look at the lease which gives you control of these grounds."

"I don't see that you have any right to make such a request of me."

"Well, I was told that the lease wasn't strictly regular."

"Oh, it's regular all right," answered Jack, with a confident smile.

"Are you afraid to show it?" sneered Chester.

"Not at all; but I don't recognize your right to inspect it."

"Then, perhaps, as a favor you'll let me look it over?"

Jack turned to his desk and took the lease out of an inner drawer.



Chester held out his hand for it.

"You can look at it while I hold it, can't you?" said Jack.

With a snort of rage, Chester Wells tore the paper from Darrell's hands.

"You shall not destroy it, Wells!" cried Jack, seizing him by the wrist and arm.

Dallas started to aid his manager, while Bassett and Amy looked astonished.

At that moment Arthur Hamilton walked into the room.

"Hello! what's the meaning of this?"

Chester heard Hamilton's voice behind him, and without turning around he threw the lease, which he had partially torn, on the floor and sullenly walked from the office into the street.

Jack picked up the demoralized document and explained Chester's conduct to Amy's brother.

Hamilton was very indignant at the high-handed way in which young Wells had acted.

That afternoon the Seabird brought a tall and lanky young man and a stocky companion to Marathon.

They inquired their way to the Marathon Inn, and when they got there the tall lad asked for Mr. Hamilton.

That gentleman came downstairs and met them.

It soon developed that this was the battery which the present manager of the Worcester team had forwarded, as per Mr. Hamilton's request.

Hamilton sent a messenger for Jack.

When the boy magnate arrived he was introduced to the new players.

"I think you will find these lads all right. Bob Friskett has a good record as a southpaw twirler, and as I thought a left-hander would be an advantage to your team, I sent for him and his regular catcher, who is a good, all-around player, able to fill in on the bases or in the outfield."

Jack had a short talk with them and then told them to accompany him over to his home, where they could sign contracts.

There was no trouble about salary, as both players understood the limit and what would be expected of them for the money.

After the papers were signed in duplicate, Jack piloted them around to a boarding-place, where arrangements had been entered into to quarter the new players.

On Monday morning, Jack called at the house and took them out to the grounds, where they found Dallas, Bassett and Wickers, in uniform, practising.

The young manager provided them with a make-shift uniform apiece and turned them over to Bassett.

That afternoon five more players arrived, who were taken in hand by Jack, and on the following day four more came.

On Wednesday the last of the bunch sent for appeared.

In all there were now sixteen players from whom Jack could select the twelve he intended carrying on his payroll.

During the greater part of Thursday and Friday the boy magnate put them through their paces, and finally, after careful consideration, and a consultation with Hamilton,

who had also watched the players with a critical eye, he selected the seven new men, in addition to the battery already signed, that he wanted.

The seven were directed to sign contracts for the season, the other four were provided with their fare and money for their expenses back to the place whence they had come.

Jack decided that Bassett would make a good captain and field manager, and therefore made the acting appointment permanent.

The players were directed to appear at the grounds early next morning for sign practice, and to get into shape for the opening game of the season at Pimlico in the afternoon.

That town was so accessible to Marathonites, being only four miles distant by trolley, that the baseball enthusiasts of Jack's burg had determined to be at the game if they broke a leg over it.

They were wild for a chance to see what the boy magnate's new players could do against the strong Pimlico team, and just couldn't wait for Tuesday's opening in their own town.

Besides, a majority of the factory fans couldn't leave their work on Tuesday to attend the opening at the park, but they could go on Saturday.

This was the case in each of the other towns on the circuit, that is why the opening was set for the last day of the week to accommodate the working class.

The game at Pimlico, as well as the game in Rockland, was set for 3.30 p. m.

Long before that hour the trolley cars from Marathon were jammed with excited fans, for the afternoon was a fine one, just warm enough to suit players and spectators alike.

For awhile it looked as if half the town was en route for Pimlico.

Jack went on early, accompanied by his gate-keepers, who were to keep an eye on the Pimlico entrances to the grounds.

At the proper time Bassett and his bunch of players drove into the ball park on a bus, accompanied by Arthur Hamilton and Miss Amy, for whom seats were reserved in the grandstand in Manager Cooper's private box.

The members of the town council had accepted an invitation to be present, and the chairman had promised to toss out the new ball when play was called by the umpire.

The Pimlico Band was also in attendance to enliven the proceedings, while many flags and streamers made the stands bright with color.

Promptly at 3.30 the game began, with Marathon at bat, Wickers up.

Pimlico presented a different battery from that of the previous season, and the team had been otherwise materially strengthened.

The town rooters confidently expected their representatives to win, in spite of the known prowess of Fred Dallas.

The big Marathon contingent were also confident that Darrell's new aggregation would make things hum—at any rate, they looked to see them make the fur fly.

And they were not disappointed.



The Marathon team scored a run in the first, another in the fourth, and a third in the eighth, and that was the sum total of the scoring done that afternoon on the grounds, for Dallas held the Pimlico boys down to three hits, and not a man of them got to third base during the game.

The Marathonites screamed themselves hoarse long before the final result—3 to 0 was chalked up on the score-board, and they returned home feeling that nothing was too good for Jack Darrell and his little band of pennant chasers.

The telephone had already announced to the Marathon newspapers the progress of the game by innings, and a big crowd gathered in front of the two offices where the figures were posted up in the windows as they came in, and were greeted with intense enthusiasm.

The final result provoked prolonged cheering.

Beside it went up the score of the Rockland game—Rockland, 6; Cinnebar, 2.

Taken altogether, the Coast League had opened in a blaze of glory.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BOY MAGNATE AND HIS TEAM COVER THEMSELVES WITH GLORY.

Jack rode back on the bus with his players.

"Well, Jack," cried Dallas, with great enthusiasm, "are we the people or aren't we?"

"I should say we were, Fred; and you seem to be the king-pin of us all."

"Thanks, old man. I tried to do my best, and as much for your sake as to make a record for myself."

"I believe you. Wickers supported you finely, and his three-bagger in the first inning opened up the first run. That would have been sufficient to have won the game had we made no more."

"Wickers is all right," replied Dallas.

"And so are the new men, too. Boys, I congratulate you all on the showing you made, but you must remember that you will in all probability be up against a stronger proposition when you tackle Rockland on Tuesday."

"We won't weaken, don't you fear, Darrell," responded Egan, the doughty left-fielder, whose home run in the eighth had tallied the third run.

"You can bet we won't!" chipped in Kendrick, who guarded right-garden.

"We'll do better in the next game," said Dwyer, the third baseman.

"You can't play any too well to beat Rockland. The president of the league is supposed to have the fastest team in the circuit."

The bus was cheered by the passing trolley cars, and the players and manager received an ovation when the vehicle reached Marathon and passed through the streets.

The Sunday morning editions of the Times and Mercury printed full and graphic accounts of the game at Pimlico, and both newspapers agreed that Marathon at last had a team that would do the town proud.

The team was put through a hard morning and afternoon practice on Monday, as Jack was anxious to defeat Rockland next day and take the lead in the race for the championship.

Everything, including the grandstand and other improvements, was now ready for Tuesday's opening in Marathon.

The advance sale of grandstand seats all over town announced that there would be more spectators under cover than the 600 seats would accommodate.

"My goodness! Where would I have been at if I hadn't put in those extra 250 chairs?" said Jack to Arthur Hamilton.

"You'd have been in trouble, my boy. The people would have put up an awful kick at the lack of accommodations. As it is, I'm afraid you'll have to turn people away from the stand."

"There's nothing in the town laws against putting camp-chairs in the aisles. I'll get a hundred of them and give them out when all the seats are occupied."

"I would, as long as it isn't against the law here. You must do all you can to please your patrons if you expect to make the park popular."

"That's my idea, sir. I'll build more seats, if necessary. I'm not sure that the bleachers are big enough."

"They'll do, I guess. I see you've stretched a rope around from the end of each line of field seats. How about police arrangements for to-morrow?"

"I have been promised six officers—four of them men specially to be sworn in for the occasion. I think two will answer at other times, except on Saturdays."

Tuesday morning's papers gave considerable space to the Coast League's opening at Marathon park that afternoon, printing the batting order of each team.

Friskett, the new southpaw, and his own catcher, were down on the bills for Marathon, and that fact encouraged the Rocklanders, who feared Dallas, when they began streaming into the grounds shortly after noon, a large delegation coming over on the reserve steamboat of the Penobscott Navigation Co., which made a special trip for the occasion, and was to take them and the Rockland team back after the game.

Of course, Manager Darrell had his grandstand decorated out with bunting, and had hired the Marathon Band to entertain the growing crowd.

Seats were reserved for the town dignitaries, who had accepted an invitation to attend in a body after their regular weekly meeting, while the private box Jack had had built for himself and the Hamiltons, was spacious enough to hold Benjamin Seabury, Mrs. Darrell, Edith, who got leave of absence for the occasion, and Dallas's mother also.

A tremendous mob packed the ground and taxed the capacity of the grandstand to the utmost when game was called, with Rockland at bat.

Ground rules were put in force, which limited a hit into or over the crowd to two bases, but a clean hit over the fence,



or into either left or right bleachers, in fair ground, was to be counted a home run.

With this understanding, the game began.

Rockland scored a run in the opening inning, and in the third Marathon, amid a pandemonium of cheers, evened matters up.

Thenceforward it was like drawing a tooth for either team to get a man around the bases, and the utmost excitement reigned on the ground.

"Your team seems to be making good, Darrell," remarked Mr. Seabury, when the boy magnate made his way to the box after counting up the day's receipts and settling with Rockland's representative in his office.

"I'm glad you think so, Mr. Seabury," replied Jack, glancing at the score-board and noting with satisfaction that the score was not against his side.

"It is any one's game up to this point. That left-handed pitcher you've got seems to be putting it all over my lads, but if they ever reach him it will be all day with Marathon."

"Oh, my fellows can bat some themselves," laughed Jack.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before Wickers landed on an outcurve and sent it to the far corner of the grounds, over the heads of a three-deep fringe of spectators drawn up behind the rope.

Ordinarily it would have been good for three bags, if not for a home run, but the ground rules made it a two-bagger.

"What's the matter with that hit?" asked Jack, with a pleased laugh, glancing at Amy Hamilton, who, with face flushed with excitement, was clapping her little gloved hands in common with the majority of the Marathon people, who shrieked like mad over the hit.

"It was a dandy," replied Mr. Seabury, "but I doubt if it will amount to anything."

And he was right, for Wickers was left on second, as the next batter ballooned to short.

"It's too mean for anything that we didn't score this inning," said Amy, with a look of keen disappointment.

"Better luck next time," laughed Mr. Seabury.

"Here is a record of the day's receipts, Mr. Seabury," said Jack, "with a memorandum of your share, which I've paid over to Mr. Black."

He handed the president of the league a slip of paper.

"A very satisfactory showing, Darrell," replied the Rockland magnate, after looking it over. "Nothing more than I expected after sizing this crowd up. I must congratulate you on the start you've made. I've heard something about your methods, and I'm bound to say that they are panning out. It was a good business move of yours to enlarge this stand. Why, you never would have been able to accommodate the people who were willing to pay the extra quarter for a covered chair if you hadn't done it. How many seats have you got now?"

"Six hundred."

"There must be more than a hundred standing up back and sitting in the aisles."

"There are. Over eight hundred tickets were taken in by the ticket-taker at the grandstand entrance."

"And twice that number in the bleachers and on the field."

"All of that, sir."

"The league is going to make money this year."

"I hope so, sir. I'm doing my share toward helping forward to that end."

"You're doing nobly, my boy magnate. You're a surprise to me. I didn't draw a bigger crowd last Saturday in Rockland, with everything in my favor. Why, Gibson must have lost a wad of money last season through his miserable obstinacy, and of course we all suffered in proportion when we came over here. Under your management it looks as if we shall all share in your good business sagacity."

"I have no doubt you will, for the more people I can pull into the park, the more there will be to divide."

During the balance of the game, which finally resulted in a victory for Marathon by the score of 3 to 2, Jack talked with Amy and her brother, particularly Amy.

The girl congratulated him on his financial success, and in the end on the success of his team, and Jack never felt happier.

There had probably never been anything like such a crowd in Marathon park before, unless at the free fireworks exhibition on the Fourth of July, when the summer hotels and cottages along Marathon beach were filled to their capacity.

It was a hilarious and delighted crowd, with the possible exception of several hundred disappointed Rocklanders who had fondly expected to see their team win.

The general-admission people crowded around Captain Bassett and his players as they started for the dressing-room, and cheered them lustily.

Bob Friskett had made good, in their estimation, for he had held the Rockland team down to six scattered hits.

Two of his four free passes had developed into runs, it is true; but as Marathon had won out nobody cared for that now.

Wickers and Egan had carried off the batting honors for their side, the former getting three hits and the latter two, both two-baggers.

Bassett, at short, had accepted every chance offered, and his throwing to first was as accurate as a rifle shot.

Altogether, the Marathon team was the idol of the hour, for it was now in the lead, with two games won and none lost.

But, then, the season was young yet.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MARATHON'S FIRST DEFEAT.

On Thursday morning the Pimlico ball-tossers came over to Marathon to take the morning boat for Rockland, where the team was scheduled to play that afternoon.

The Marathon players, accompanied by their manager, Arthur Hamilton, and Amy, took the same boat as far as Cinnebar, where they got off and went to one of the hotels for lunch.



At two o'clock they boarded a bus for the grounds.

A big crowd was wending its way in the same direction.

The showing that Marathon had made in its first two games had whetted public curiosity to see how the new team would fare at the hands of the Cinnebars.

If Cinnebar won, she would be tied with Marathon for first place, and if Rockland also won, as was expected, the three teams would be even up.

As Fred Dallas was on the cards to pitch, the Cinnebar fans were not at all sure which way the cat would jump.

Baseball being a very uncertain game, it was quite possible that the Cinnebar players might do Dallas up, for they were putting up a great game.

The park was almost crowded when the game began, and it soon developed into a pitchers' battle between Dallas and Waldron.

In the seventh inning the tide turned.

Fred lost his grip, somehow, and when the smoke of the inning had passed away, five of the Cinnebar sluggers had dented the home plate, and that number of large and juicy runs went up on the score-board.

Bassett sent Friskett in to pitch in the eighth, but the game was already lost, and when it was over there were nine goose-eggs up against Marathon and their rivals had six runs to their credit.

The real surprise of the day, however, was the defeat of Rockland by Pimlico to the tune of 8 to 1.

Jack was disappointed because his team had lost, but he was pleased to death with the size of his share of the afternoon's receipts.

He took his players and the small contingent of Marathon fans back to town in a steam launch, as the Seabird had touched at Cinnebar two hours before.

"We can't win all the time," said Jack to his captain, while the launch was en route for home.

"But I counted on keeping in the lead, with Dallas in the box," replied Bassett, with a glum expression.

"Don't worry, old man. When the Cinnebars come to Marathon next Tuesday you can try and get your revenge. They put up a mighty fine game to-day. Good enough to make a big league team hustle."

"Did you see Chester Wells? He was rooting hard against us, and he went into hysterics of satisfaction when Dallas got his medicine."

"Oh, he's sore on me because I got the franchise. He hasn't noticed me since the morning he came into the office and tried to destroy the lease of the park."

"Well, you aren't worrying, are you?"

"Not a bit."

"You must have got a boodle out of to-day's game, judging from the size of the crowd."

"I'm satisfied with my share of the receipts. I wish I could always count on as much, but, of course, I can't, for after the first excitement the attendance on Tuesdays and Thursdays will dwindle a bit."

"I think as soon as the summer people begin to come,

Marathon will make the best showing of any of the towns on those days."

"I have based my calculations on that."

At this point Fred Dallas came up.

"Well, what do you think of me, Jack? Disgusted? I got a horrible jolting in the seventh for fair. This is the first time I ever was taken out of the box."

"That isn't anything. The best pitchers in the world have their spots of hard luck and have to step down and out."

"I was so sure I had those fellows safe that all I looked for was a batting spurt on our side to win out."

"And all we got were three measely hits," growled Captain Bassett. "Wickers couldn't have hit a balloon, while my bat and Egan's seemed to be full of holes."

"Give the boys a course of batting practice to-morrow, for you want to do up Pimlico on Saturday," said Jack, leaving them, and walking over to where Amy sat.

"Isn't it too mean for anything," said the girl, "that we lost to-day?"

"It was simply the fortune of war, Miss Amy," he replied. "By the way, there's a good show at the Opera House to-night. Would you do me the honor of accompanying me there?"

"Why certainly, if you would like me to."

"I should consider it a great pleasure."

"Then, of course, I will go with you, Jack—I mean Mr. Darrell," she said, blushing vividly at the slip of the tongue.

"Why not call me Jack, Miss Amy? Everybody does, even your brother. It sounds more natural to me."

She looked down on the deck and didn't answer for a moment or two.

"Don't you think it would be just a little bit too familiar on my part," she said at length, with a sly glance into his face.

"Not at all. I'd like to call you Amy, if I dared. Edith is over head and ears in love with you, and says you're the sweetest girl in the world, and I perfectly agree with her."

"Now, Mr. Dar——"

"No—Jack."

"Well—Jack, then. Are you satisfied?" with a smile and a blush.

"Yes, if you won't forget to call me Jack all the time."

"I'll try and not forget."

"And may I call you Amy when we're together?"

"Yes," she answered, softly.

"Thank you. I'll be at the Inn for you at a quarter to eight."

"I will be ready."

At this point Arthur Hamilton strolled up.

"Say, Jack, I hear you're going to have a rival," he said, with a smile.

"A rival! What do you mean?"

"Chester Wells has leased a plot of ground within a block of the park. He's going to fence it in, lay out a diamond, and run an independent baseball enterprise."

"He is?" replied Jack, somewhat astonished.



"Yes. He's hired most of Gibson's last season's team, and is in correspondence with many of the college men who summer down here. His idea is to get those lads to organize a college team and play his organization three times a week in an effort to do you out of some of your patronage."

"I'm not afraid of him hurting me much. He may capture a few of the summer visitors at odd times, but if he's going to rely on the Marathon cast-offs to make a showing, I guess he'll play to empty benches."

"That's my opinion. He's got a sore head, and thinks he'll be able to injure you—the man, too, who saved his life. He ought to be ashamed of himself. It doesn't speak well for the blue blood he claims is in his veins. A gentleman is a gentleman always. Good clothes and good society do not always make one, and I think he's a good example of a round peg in a square hole."

"Well, he's welcome to run opposition to me if he thinks it will do him any good. I'm afraid he'll find it an expensive luxury. By the way, Mr. Hamilton, I have invited your sister to go with me to the Opera House to-night. Have you any objection?"

"None at all. You're welcome to take Amy anywhere she is willing to go with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Hamilton. I will take the best of care of her."

The boat was now approaching the Marathon landing.

The team received no demonstration this time on their arrival in town.

As they rode up Main Street in the bus to their boarding-place they passed the newspaper offices, where the scores were posted up in the windows.

That six runs to nothing looked mighty bad to the players, but they cheered themselves up with the reflection that they would get square with Pimlico on Saturday.

Perhaps they would, but as Pimlico had beaten the strong Rockland nine on its own grounds that afternoon by the score of 8 to 1, it wasn't at all certain that Marathon would do them up in the next game.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A DASTARDLY PROJECT.

A large and enthusiastic crowd gathered at Marathon Park, Saturday afternoon, notwithstanding that the weather looked somewhat threatening, and the ducats that rolled into the box-office made Jack's heart glad.

It began to rain in the fourth inning and game had to be suspended for ten minutes, with the score 3 to 1 in Pimlico's favor.

It began to look as if the rain-checks that had been given out would reduce the young manager's profits at the next game on the home ground, for four and one-half innings had to be played to make the game a legal one.

However, it cleared up a bit, much to Jack's relief, and no doubt to the satisfaction of the Pimlico players, who saw victory before them.

They got a jolt in the fifth inning, however, that changed their views a bit.

With two men on bases, Kendrick, the doughty right-fielder, put the ball over the fence for a home run, evening up the score.

That hit aroused the first real enthusiasm of the day, and the Marathonites made Rome howl for a few minutes.

As the first batter for Pimlico opened up with a three-bagger, and Dallas gave the next man a pass, and hit the third, things began to look dark again for the home team—about as dark as the sky that threatened a renewal of the shower.

With the bases full, none out, and Pimlico's crack slugger up, the crowd began to root for rain.

And they got it, too—a good soaking most of them.

But they didn't care, for the game ended then and there a tie, and Pimlico lost what looked to be certain victory.

Cinnebar, however, won from Rockland on their own grounds and took the lead, pushing Marathon into second place.

Jack, however, was pleased, because he wouldn't have to redeem the rain-checks, and the balance to his credit looked big and fat as the result of the first four games of the season.

"I guess I'll make baseball pay in this burg," he told his sister, as they sat in the office, after the people had left the grounds.

"That will be just grand, Jack. Mother will be so happy to know that you're making money."

"It's about time I made some, don't you think? I'm nineteen years old, and the head of the family. I ought to make a showing, and you can bet on it, sis, I'm going to do it."

"Amy didn't come to the game to-day, did she?" said his sister.

"No. The weather looked too bad. Besides, she didn't want to leave her brother. He couldn't stir out a day like this. He's been a good friend to me, Edith, and I never will forget him. He's given me the opportunity of my life."

"I think he didn't do more than he ought, for you risked your life to save his sister from death."

"I'd risk my life any day for her, without a thought of getting anything for it."

"I guess Amy occupies more of your thoughts than anything else," laughed his sister, slyly.

"Oh, nonsense!" flushed Jack.

"Why, what are you blushing for?"

"I'm not blushing," replied Jack, getting up and walking to the window.

But Edith had her own opinion on the subject.

She got up, went to her brother and put her arms about his neck.

"Amy is a dear, good girl, and I like her better than any girl I ever met," she said. "I'd like nothing better than to have her for a sister. I am almost sure that you love her, Jack, and I know she thinks an awful lot of you—she has told me so."



"Has she?" asked Jack, very much interested. "Do you think I really stand any show with her?"

"I am sure you do. If you really care for her, let her see it in the way that girls like, and then maybe——"

"Maybe what?"

"Some day she really may become my sister."

"If I can make her your sister, Edith, you can bet your life I will," replied the young magnate, kissing her.

Shortly afterward the weather cleared up and Jack and his sister went home, with the proceeds of the day's game in his pocket.

Marathon won from Cinnebar on Tuesday, and that was balm to the hearts of Jack's team; but from that to Decoration Day it was a sort of see-saw experience with them, which left the standing of the clubs on the morning of May 30 as follows:

Cinnebar, 8 won, 3 lost; Marathon, 6 won, 4 lost; Rockland, 4 won, 7 lost; Pimlico, 3 won, 7 lost.

On Decoration Day, Marathon played at Pimlico in the morning and drew a good crowd, winning the game by the score of 3 to 2.

In the afternoon Pimlico came to Marathon Park and, before a crowd as big as that of the opening day, defeated Jack's team by the score of 3 to 1.

Rockland won both games from Cinnebar, and jumped up the scale.

From a pecuniary point of view, Jack was 'way ahead on the Decoration Day receipts, and as his team was only a single game behind the leaders, he was feeling pretty good, especially as Amy and her brother honored his mother's humble home at dinner, and spent an enjoyable evening there.

During the month of June, Cinnebar continued to play a strong game, and maintained its lead with a small margin over Rockland, which had pushed Marathon into third place, while Pimlico seemed destined to finish as a tail-ender, though it always proved a stumbling-block to Jack's ball-tossers.

The race was very close among the three first-named teams, and no one could hazard a reliable guess as to which would win the pennant.

The result was that all the games drew good crowds, especially in Marathon, where Jack was piling up a good bank account as the days went by.

On Fourth of July, Marathon was taken on a special boat to Rockland and whipped Mr. Seabury's team in the morning game.

After a lunch provided by the president of the league, the two teams were carried up the bay to Marathon, where, before a record crowd, Jack's players won a second time, amid the wildest enthusiasm.

As Jack had calculated on an unusual crowd that day, he added another hundred seats to his grandstand, and extended both of the bleachers, but even at that the grounds were snowed under by the people, hundreds of Pimlico fans coming over, as their own team was playing in Cinnebar.

Chester Wells started his ball-ground on the Fourth, with

a game between the Marathon "Misfits," as Bassett called them, and a college nine of summer visitors.

The diamond was not enclosed, as Chester found that such a plan would be too costly, so that anybody could walk up and view the game for nothing.

He had erected a grandstand, with a small bar underneath it, and to this select place he charged a quarter for a seat.

He took in less than \$10, for only the personal friends and relatives of the college boys could be induced to remain away from the league game at the park.

The free crowd was made of small boys, and a few others who couldn't get into the park.

Altogether, Chester didn't do Jack Darrell much damage that day.

Jack took Amy, and Fred Dallas escorted Edith to an exhibition of fireworks near one of the big hotels that night.

Chester was there, too, and it made him furious to see how thick the boy magnate was getting with the pretty sister of Arthur Hamilton.

Before he had been so unfortunate as to nearly drown the girl, he had been figuring on having her all to himself that summer; but Coffin Ledge had done him out of both his sailboat and the girl, and he had never forgiven Jack for saving her and thus getting the inner track of him in more ways than one.

He followed Jack and Amy, as they strolled through the crowd, and the longer he watched their confidential companionship the more jealous and angry he became at the young baseball manager.

"The beggar is getting a swelled head over his success with the franchise. I'd give a thousand dollars to get him in a hole. I wonder how I could do it? I wish some of these fireworks would only travel up toward the park and set his grandstand on fire. That would bust him up for fair, for it would take double his season's profits to put up a new one, besides the loss of time."

Chester's vindictive feelings were perhaps largely due to the fact that he was not thoroughly sober, for he had patronized his own bar pretty freely during the progress of the game between his team, captained by Jake Spindler, the first baseman, and the college lads, who, by the way, had easily done up the "Misfits," and he had drank more since, so that he was in a pretty rocky condition.

It happened that while trying to keep track of Jack and Amy he encountered Jake Spindler, who was also somewhat mellowed by drinking.

Spindler hated Darrell worse, if anything, than Chester did, and was just aching for a chance to get back at the young magnate.

He was satisfied that he had been treated in a low-down manner by Jack, because our hero had not signed him to play first base on the new team.

In his own mind, although in no one else's, he could hold down the first cushion in a style worthy of an expert in his palmiest days, and it grated on his feelings to feel that he had been cast aside like an old shoe.



As a matter of fact, he had given a "rotten" exhibition during the previous season, being unable to handle half of Bassett's swift passes from short, and had contributed not a little to many of the defeats Marathon had sustained.

As soon as Spindler saw Chester he caught him by the arm and persuaded him to take nother drink, and their conversation soon came around to Jack Darrell.

Chester foolishly confided to him his wish that Jack's baseball aspirations might be nipped in the bud if the fireworks were only nearer to his grandstand.

Spindler thought he saw an opening to get square with Jack and make some money at the same time, for he knew that Chester Wells could command a lot of cash.

He was also drunk enough to be dangerous.

"Give me \$500, old man," he said, familiarly, to the young aristocrat, "and if that grandstand doesn't catch fire to-night, I'm a liar."

"How will \$500 make it catch fire?" hiccoughed Chester.

"Never you mind. Cough up the \$500 and you'll see what you'll see."

Chester tried to get the problem through his head, but couldn't.

Spindler paid for another drink and egged Chester on by telling him he was afraid to put up so much money.

That made Wells angry, and he said he'd give him \$500 next day if the park stand was destroyed that night.

Spindler made him put it down on paper, and when he had the signed document in his hand he told Chester that he might consider the job as good as done, for he was going to see about it right away.

The rascally ball player at once started off to put the dastardly plan in execution, while Chester walked off, unsteadily, towards his home.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

It happened, however, that this conversation between Chester Wells and Jake Spindler was overheard by Frank Bassett and Tom Wickers, who were standing not far from the spot where the two were incautiously giving expression to their thoughts.

When Spindler started off, Bassett gripped Wickers by the arm.

"I believe that rascal means to try and carry out that design of his. You follow him and if you find an officer, give him in charge, if not, keep on his track. I'm going to hunt up Jack. He's around here somewhere with Miss Hamilton. Dallas is with him, too, with Jack's sister, whom he is sweet on. I'll put Jack wise to this crooked scheme, and the chances are we'll go right out to the park to head that scalawag off. Chase yourself, now, and don't, on your life, lose sight of Spindler."

Bassett was lucky enough to run across Jack, Fred and the girls inside of five minutes, and he startled the quartet with the information he brought.

"I must go out there at once with you, Bassett. Fred,

will you take charge of Miss Hamilton? Amy, will you excuse me under the circumstances?"

Dallas promised to take Amy home, and the young lady said that of course she would excuse Jack in such an emergency.

So the boy magnate and the captain of his team started for Main Street and boarded a car that ran to a point beyond the ball grounds.

All was dark around the park when the boys arrived there.

The keeper and his family had turned in some time before and were fast asleep.

After carefully inspecting the immediate neighborhood, Jack aroused his employee and told him to bring his revolver down with him.

When the man appeared, the young manager told him that he had information, which he considered reliable, that an enemy of his intended to try and fire the grandstand that night, and he proposed to keep watch for awhile for the purpose of preventing such a disaster, as well as to try and catch the villain in the act.

The three then held a consultation and decided to hide in different parts of the foundation of the stand.

A hour went by, and then Jack saw a figure crossing the diamond in the dim moonlight, with a bundle under his arm.

He came directly toward the grandstand, and as soon as he got close to it the boy magnate recognized him as Jake Spindler.

There was no sign of Wickers at his heels, so Jack came to the conclusion that his clever catcher had missed the fellow somewhere on the road.

Spindler soon reached the foundation of the stand, and, striking a match, looked around.

He hit upon a suitable spot to start the blaze, unconscious that his every movement was being watched.

The package under his arm consisted of a bag of excelsior.

He pushed the inflammable stuff under the boards of the flooring of the bar, and then taking a bottle of naphtha from his pocket he soaked the bunch of excelsior well with it.

Then, with a grunt of satisfaction, he struck a match and started to set the mass on fire.

Had he been permitted to start a blaze in that naphtha-soaked excelsior the grandstand, as well as all the adjacent buildings, would have been utterly destroyed in a short time.

But his Nemesis was upon him in the person of Jack Darrell, who sprang upon him and bore him to the ground.

"You rascal, what are you about to do? Here Bassett and Andrews, come quick and help me secure this fellow."

Spindler struggled desperately to release himself, but Jack held on to him with a vice-like grip until his companions ran up, and then it was all night with the contemptible and villainous baseball player.

Andrews had brought a cord in his pocket and Spindler was soon helpless.



They marched him into the office, where Jack telephoned to the police station for an officer, explaining the circumstances over the wire.

He was told that a policeman would be sent to the grounds at once to take charge of the prisoner.

The officer reached the place in half an hour.

Jack took him out to the grandstand and showed him the evidence of Spindler's attempted crime.

"You had a narrow escape, Darrell," said the policeman. "Why, in an hour's time the whole place would have been beyond saving. I'll put the handcuffs on that chap and take him back with me."

As soon as Spindler was manacled, Bassett placed his hand in his pocket, drew out a piece of paper and handed it to Jack.

"Read that. It will give you the name of this fellow's aider and abettor."

Jack glanced over the paper, which ran as follows:

"I promise to pay Jake Spindler \$500 for services rendered on the night of July 4, provided I am satisfied that he has carried them out.

"(Signed)

CHESTER WELLS."

That was all, but it was enough to show that the son of the foremost citizen of Marathon was both reckless and unprincipled.

The first thing Jack did next morning after breakfast was to call at the Marathon Inn and have an interview with Arthur Hamilton.

After Darrell had explained the facts, and handed Hamilton Chester's I. O. U., the president of the New England League expressed his sentiments right from the shoulder.

He was justly indignant at the outrage which had been attempted on the energetic young manager, and was anxious to see the guilty ones punished.

"Chester Wells is a young scoundrel," he said. "The evidence of Bassett and Wickers, backed up this I. O. U., and the subsequent capture of Spindler in the act of firing the grandstand, warrants the immediate arrest of Wells as the prime mover in the affair. The fact that he was somewhat intoxicated at the time is no excuse. It simply brought to the surface what the rascal had in his heart against you. There is no reason why his respectable connections should shield him from the consequences of his villainy, and the other fellow be sent up because he has no influential friends. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I insist that you act at once in this matter, and have a warrant issued for Wells's arrest. If their scheme had succeeded you would have been left without a ball park right in the middle of the season, and the loss must have been fatal to your success. I promised not to interfere in your business arrangements, but this is too serious a matter for me to let you overlook. You must prosecute Chester Wells."

"Very well, sir. I will apply to the magistrate at once," replied Jack.

In the meantime, Spindler awoke to the seriousness of the situation he found himself in, and knowing that the only person he could apply to in this emergency was his wealthy accomplice, whose social position he thought would protect them both, he sent a message to Chester, explaining his predicament, and asking him to call and see him, which Wells, in some trepidation, did.

Spindler didn't mince his words in Chester's presence.

"You're just as guilty, or even more so than I am. You put me up to do it."

"That's a lie!" replied Chester, furiously.

"Is it?" sneered Jake. "You promised me \$500 if I succeeded in destroying the park grandstand last night. You know you did. At any rate, you gave me your I. O. U. for that amount."

Chester Wells was fairly staggered and not a little alarmed.

"What shall I do?" he gasped.

"Do? Why, go and see your father at once, and get him to take means to save the both of us."

"Oh, Lord! He'll never forgive me!" groaned Chester.

"Never mind that. He won't see you sent to prison, if he can help it. But remember, he's got to save me, too, or it will be worse for you."

Chester Wells hurried away, terribly upset.

As he was entering his home he was arrested by a policeman on the magistrate's warrant and brought back to the jail.

An hour later he and Spindler were arraigned in court, and the charge against them created a sensation for the newspapers and the whole town of Marathon.

Jack Darrell, Frank Bassett, Tom Wickers, Anderson, the ground-keeper, and the officer who had arrested Spindler, were in court and testified, and Jack handed Chester Wells's note to the magistrate as an exhibit in the case.

Arthur Hamilton was also present to see that justice was meted out to the offenders.

The prisoners were held on heavy bail, which Banker Wells furnished for his son, but refused to Spindler.

Subsequently, both were brought to trial, and, in spite of the efforts of eminent counsel, furnished by Mr. Wells, in an effort to save his son, were convicted and sentenced to ten years each in the State prison.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOW THE BOY MAGNATE WON THE PENNANT.

On September 14th the season closed, with Marathon and Rockland tied for first place, and, of course, this tie had to be played off.

Accordingly, the date for the crucial game was set for the following Saturday afternoon.

Jack and Mr. Seabury tossed up for choice of grounds, and the boy magnate won.

The day turned out an ideal one for the contest, and the navigation company's two boats were pressed into service



to bring the mob of Rockland fans to Marathon and take them back after the game.

Twenty special policemen were sworn in for the occasion to preserve order.

A piece of bad luck struck Jack's team at Friday's exhibition game with Pimlico—Kendrick, his hard-hitting right-fielder, was badly hurt, and had to be replaced by Bob Friskett's catcher.

The gates were thrown open at one o'clock, and from that hour until three, when play was called, the people poured into the park in a steady stream.

There were 5,000 spectators present when the game began.

Jack himself was on the field in uniform to assist his captain in coaching.

In the fourth inning the Rockland team jumped on Dallas and made three runs, but Fred was not taken from the box.

When Marathon went to bat in their half of the fourth, Tom Wickers was first up.

Then the team got another stroke of hard luck.

Tom was hit by a pitched ball and knocked unconscious.

"You'll have to get into the game, Jack," said Bassett, when it was seen that Wickers was out for good.

When the boy magnate walked to first base in place of Wickers, a tremendous cheer went up from the Marathonites, who knew his record as a slugger.

He failed to score, and the game went on, with Jack in his old position behind the bat.

When he came to bat in the seventh he was implored to line the ball over the fence, but the best he could do was a high foul, which was smothered by the Rockland backstop, and the Marathon fans groaned their disappointment.

At last the ninth inning came around, with the score 3 to 0 against Marathon.

"It's all over but the shouting!" sang out a happy Rockland rooter.

And it seem so, for the first two batters for Marathon were easy victims.

Then Bassett made a hit, Egan followed with a Texas leaguer, and the next man was presented with his base.

The crowd held its breath as Jack Darrell walked up to the plate.

A clean hit would score two runs, and give Marathon a chance to tie the game, or a smash over the fence, or into the bleachers, would clear the bases and win.

The silence was painful as Rockland's twirler prepared to deliver the ball.

It came at Jack like a rifle shot.

Crack!

Jack's bat met it on the trade-mark and the ball went soaring toward the center-field fence, like a frightened bird, with Rockland's fielder on a dead run after it.

Every runner started for the plate amid a pendemonium of noise, which only the falls of Niagara could have drowned, with Jack scurrying in the rear.

In another moment the crowd saw that it was going over the fence, and then the Marathon people fairly stood on their heads with joy.

Marathon had won the pennant, and the boy magnate had turned the trick.

He was caught by the mob that surged onto the diamond, lifted off his feet and carried in triumph to the dressing-room, where he was cheered for ten minutes.

Later on, when he entered his office, Amy and her brother were there to meet and congratulate him.

Amy was so excited that she forgot herself, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him twice, and Jack thought that the best of all.

Arthur Hamilton laughed as his sister fell back in confusion when she realized what she had done.

When Jack footed up, with his sister, the total receipts of the season, and had deducted all expenses, he found that he had done twice as well as he had been led to expect at the start.

He refunded to Hamilton every dollar that gentleman had advanced, and was still comfortably ahead.

At the annual meeting of the league, Jack was presented with the silken pennant and highly complimented by his associate managers.

He made a speech, in which he declared that, if possible, he would do better next season, and they believed him and cheered the sentiment.

And he did do better, if anything, next year, and won the flag again, hands down.

He is now in his fifth year as manager of the Marathons, and in addition is president of the Coast League.

What he is prouder of than anything is the fact that he is going to marry Amy Hamilton the coming June, and Arthur Hamilton says he wouldn't ask for a smarter brother-in-law.

Dallas, Bassett and Wickers are still members of the Marathon team, and they say that there is no one like Jack Darrel, The Boy Magnate, who made baseball pay.

THE END.

Read "MAKING MONEY; OR, A WALL STREET MESSENGER'S LUCK," which will be the next number (90) of "Fame and Fortune Weekly."

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 371 The Bradys and the Seven Students; or, The Mystery of a Medical College.  
372 The Bradys and Governor Gum; or, Hunting the King of the Highbinders.  
373 The Bradys and the Mine Fakirs; or, Doing a Turn in Tombstone.  
374 The Bradys in Canada; or, Hunting a Wall Street "Wonder."  
375 The Bradys and the Highbinders' League; or, The Plot to Burn Chinatown.  
376 The Bradys' Lost Claim; or, The Mystery of Kill Buck Canyon.  
377 The Bradys and the Broker's Double; or, Trapping a Wall Street Trickster.  
378 The Bradys at Hudson's Bay; or, The Search for a Lost Explorer.  
379 The Bradys and the Kansas "Come-Ons"; or, Hot Work on a Green Goods Case.  
380 The Bradys' Ten-Trunk Mystery; or, Working for the Wabash Road.  
381 The Bradys and Dr. Ding; or, Dealing With a Chinese Magician.  
382 The Bradys and "Old King Copper"; or, Probing a Wall Street Mystery.  
383 The Bradys and the "Twenty Terrors"; or, After the Grasshopper Gang.  
384 The Bradys and Towerman "10"; or, The Fate of the Comet Flyer.  
385 The Bradys and Judge Jump; or, The "Badman" From Up the River.  
386 The Bradys and Prince Hi-Ti-Li; or, The Trail of the Fakir of 'Frisco.  
387 The Bradys and "Badman Bill"; or, Hunting the Hermit of Hangtown.  
388 The Bradys and "Old Man Money"; or, Hustling for Wall Street Millions.  
389 The Bradys and the Green Lady; or, The Mystery of the Madhouse.  
390 The Bradys' Stock Yards Mystery; or, A Queer Case from Chicago.  
391 The Bradys and the 'Frisco Fire Fiends; or, Working for Earthquake Millions.  
392 The Bradys' Race With Death; or, Dealings With Dr. Duval.  
393 The Bradys and Dr. Sam-Suey-Soy; or, Hot Work on a Chinese Clew.  
394 The Bradys and "Blackfoot Bill"; or, The Trail of the Tonopah Terror.  
395 The Bradys and the "Lamb League"; or, After the Five Fakirs of Wall Street.  
396 The Bradys' Black Hand Mystery; or, Running Down the Coal Mine Gang.  
397 The Bradys and the "King of Clubs"; or, The Clew Found on the Corner.  
398 The Bradys and the Chinese Banker; or, Fighting for Dupont Street Diamonds.  
399 The Bradys and the Bond Forgers; or, A Dark Wall Street Mystery.  
400 The Bradys' Mexican Trail; or, Chasing the "King of the Mesa."  
401 The Bradys and the Demon Doctor; or, The House of Many Mysteries.  
402 The Bradys and "Joss House Jim"; or, Trailing a Chinese Opium Gang.  
403 The Bradys and the Girl in Blue; or, After the Maiden Lane Diamonds.  
404 The Bradys Among the "Hill Billies"; or, A Case From Old Kentucky.  
405 The Bradys and the Gold Miners; or, Working a Wild West Trail.  
406 The Bradys' Mysterious Shadow; or, The Secret of the Old Stone Vault.  
407 The Bradys and "Mustang Joe"; or, The Rustlers of Rattlesnake Run.  
408 The Bradys' Snapshot Clew; or, Traced by the Camera.  
409 The Bradys and the Hip Sing Tong; or, Hot Work on a Highbinder Case.  
410 The Bradys and "Mr. Mormon"; or, Secret Work in Salt Lake City.  
411 The Bradys and the Cellar of Death; or, Ferreting out the Boston Crooks.  
412 The Bradys' Lake Front Mystery; or, A Queer Case from Chicago.  
413 The Bradys and the Dumb Millionaire; or, The Latest Wall Street Lamb.  
414 The Bradys' Gold Field Game; or, Rounding up the Nevada Mine Brokers.  
415 The Bradys and Dr. Hop Low; or, The Deepest Mott Street Mystery.  
416 The Bradys and the Beaumont Oil King; or, Three "Bad" Men from Texas.  
417 The Bradys and the Prince of Persia; or, After the Tuxedo Crooks.  
418 The Bradys and Captain Darke; or, The Mystery of the China Liner.  
419 The Bradys and the Canton Prince; or, Working for the Chinese Minister.  
420 The Bradys and "Diamond Don"; or, The Gem Smugglers of the "Arctic."  
421 The Bradys and Banker Banks; or, Caught on a Wall Street Clew.  
422 The Bradys in Little 'Frisco; or, The Case of Ting Long Lee.  
423 The Bradys and the Check Raisers; or, After a Wall Street Gang.  
424 The Bradys and the Bad Land Bears; or, The Bone Hunters of South Dakota.  
425 The Bradys and the Car Crooks; or, Working for the Frisco Line.  
426 The Bradys and the "Queen of the West"; or, Trailing the Arizona Gem Thieves.  
427 The Bradys and the Wall Street Money Fakirs; or, The Mysterious Mr. Mix.  
428 The Bradys and the Chink Smugglers; or, The Hurry Call to Canada.  
429 The Bradys and Kid Joaquin; or, The Greasers of Robbers' Canyon.  
430 The Bradys and Gump High; or, The Mystery of the Ruined Joss House.  
431 The Bradys and the River Pirates; or, After the Dock Rats' Gang.  
432 The Bradys and the Silent Five; or, The Secrets of Shadyside Hall.  
433 The Bradys and the Opium King; or, Braving the Perils of Pell Street.  
434 The Bradys' Bleecker Street Mystery; or, The House With a Hundred Doors.  
435 The Bradys Among the Frisco Gold Thieves; or, The Black Band of Old Dupont Street.  
436 The Bradys and the Doctor's Death League; or, The Mystery of the Boy in Red.  
437 The Bradys and the Man Trappers; or, Hot Times on Whirlwind Lake.  
438 The Bradys and the House of Skulls; or, The Strange Man of Five Points.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, N. Y.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

- ....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
.... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# These Books Tell You Everything!

- A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

## MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

## PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

## HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

## SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

## FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

## TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

## MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

## MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

## LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



## THE STAGE.

**No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

**No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

**No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

**No. 65. MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

**No. 79. HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

**No. 80. GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

**No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

**No. 30. HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

**No. 37. HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

**No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

**No. 64. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

**No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

**No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

**No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

**No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

**No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

**No. 52. HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rummy, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

**No. 66. HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

**No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

**No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

**No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

**No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

**No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

**No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

**No. 4. HOW TO DANCE.** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

**No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

**No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

**No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

**No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

**No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowar.

**No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

**No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

**No. 54. HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled.

**No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

**No. 84. HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

**No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

**No. 55. HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

**No. 58. HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

**No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

**No. 62. HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

**No. 63. HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

**Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**



# WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY

A COMPLETE STORY EVERY WEEK

## STORIES OF BOY FIREMEN

By ROBERT LENNOX

Handsome Colored Covers  
32-Pages of Reading

Price 5 Cents

Splendid Illustrations  
Issued Every Friday

Beginning with No. 41, this weekly will contain a new series of magnificent fire stories, written by Robert Lennox, the best author of this class of fiction in the world. They detail the exciting adventures of a company of gallant young fire-fighters, under the leadership of a brave boy known as Young Wide Awake. Their daring deeds of heroism, and the perils they overcome, are intensely interesting. These stories are not confined entirely to fire-fighting, but also contain many interesting incidents, humorous situations and a little of the love element. There is a charming girl in the stories whom you will all like very much.

### LATEST ISSUES.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 12 A Fool for Luck; or, The Boy Who Turned Boss. By Fred Warburton.                    | 36 His Name was Dennis; or, The Luck of a Green Irish Boy. By A. Howard De Witt.  |
| 13 The Great Gaul "Beat"; or, Phil Winston's Start in Reporting. By A. Howard De Witt. | 37 Volunteer Fred; or, From Fireman to Chief. By Robert Lennox.                   |
| 14 Out for Gold; or, The Boy Who Knew the Difference. By Tom Dawson.                   | 38 Neptune No. 1; or, The Volunteer Fire Boys of Blackton. By Robert Lennox.      |
| 15 The Boy Who Balked; or, Bob Brisbane's Big Kick. By Frank Irving.                   | 39 Hook, Ladder and Pike; or, The Life-Savers of Freehold. By Robert Lennox.      |
| 16 Slicker than Silk; or, The Smoothest Boy Alive. By Rob Roy.                         | 40 Columbia's Pet; or, A Fireman at 17. By Robert Lennox.                         |
| 17 The Keg of Diamonds; or, After the Treasure of the Caliphs. By Tom Dawson.          | 41 Young Wide Awake; or, The Fire Boys of Belmont.                                |
| 18 Sandow, Junior; or, The Boy Who Looked Puny. By Prof. Oliver Owens.                 | 42 Young Wide Awake's Biggest Blaze; or, Saving a Burning City.                   |
| 19 Won by Bluff; or, Jack Mason's Marble Face. By Frank Irving.                        | 43 Young Wide Awake's Life Line; or, The Narrowest Escape on Record.              |
| 20 On the Lobster Shift; or, The Herald's Star Reporter. By A. Howard De Witt.         | 44 Young Wide Awake's Hook and Ladder Work; or, The Maniac Fire Fiend of Belmont. |
| 21 Under the Vendetta's Steel; or, A Yankee Boy in Corsica. By Lieut. J. J. Barry.     | 45 Young Wide Awake's Bucket Brigade; or, Trapping a Fire Bug.                    |
| 22 Too Green to Burn; or, The Luck of Being a Boy. By Rob Roy.                         | 46 Young Wide Awake Smoke-Bound; or, Daring Work With the Life Net.               |
| 23 In Fool's Paradise; or, The Boy Who Had Things Easy. By Fred Warburton.             | 47 Young Wide Awake's Pikemen; or, Hemmed in by Smoke and Flame.                  |
| 24 One Boy in a Million; or, The Trick That Paid. By Edward N. Fox.                    | 48 Young Wide Awake's Scaling Ladders; or, The Boy Life-Saver's Greatest Victory. |
| 25 In Spite of Himself; or, Serving the Russian Police. By Prof. Oliver Owens.         | 49 Young Wide Awake's Fire Line; or, A Boy Fireman's Nerve in Mid-Air.            |
| 26 Kicked into Luck; or, The Way Nate Got There. By Rob Roy.                           | 50 Young Wide Awake's Axe Brigade; or, Hewing His Way to a Fire's Heart.          |
| 27 The Prince of Opals; or, The Man-Trap of Death Valley. By A. Howard De Witt.        | 51 Young Wide Awake's Still Alarm; or, At Bay With Blazing Oil.                   |
| 28 Living in His Hat; or, The Wide World His Home. By Edward N. Fox.                   | 52 Young Wide Awake's Nozzleman Grit; or, The Midnight Call from Box 14.          |
| 29 All for President Diaz; or, A Hot Time in Mexico. By Lieut. J. J. Barry.            | 53 Young Wide Awake's Champion Climber; or, Fighting the Flames Without Water.    |
| 30 The Easiest Ever; or, How Tom Filled a Money Barrel. By Capt. Hawthorn, U. S. N.    | 54 Young Wide Awake's Fire Mask; or, Life Saving at Red Heat.                     |
| 31 In the Sultan's Eye; or, Beating the Porte's Game. By Tom Dawson.                   | 55 Young Wide Awake's Hose Carriage Dash; or, The Belmont Boys' Best Run.         |
| 32 The Crater of Gold; or, Dick Hope's Find in the Philippines. By Fred Warburton.     | 56 Young Wide Awake's Hand Grenades; or, Cut Off by the Flame Demon.              |
| 33 At the Top of the Heap; or, Daring to Call His Soul His Own. By Rob Roy.            | 57 Young Wide Awake and the Rival Fire Boys; or, Fighting for Honors.             |
| 34 A Lemon for His; or, Nat's Corner in Gold Bricks. By Edward N. Fox.                 | 58 Young Wide Awake's Dynamite Crew; or, Blowing-up a Burning Village.            |
| 35 By the Mikado's Order; or, Ted Terrill's "Win Out" in Japan. By Lieut. J. J. Barry. | 59 Young Wide Awake's Fire Test; or, The Belmont Boys' Greatest Stroke.           |
|  | 60 Young Wide Awake's Fire Patrol; or, Running Down a Desperate Gang.             |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher.**

**24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

.....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....	.....
.... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....	.....
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....	.....
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....	.....
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....	.....
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....	.....
.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....	.....
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....	.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

COLORED COVERS

PRICE 5 Cts.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

32 PAGES

This Weekly contains interesting stories of smart boys, who win fame and fortune by their ability to take advantage of passing opportunities. Some of these stories are founded on true incidents in the lives of our most successful self-made men, and show how a boy of pluck, perseverance and brains can become famous and wealthy.

### ALREADY PUBLISHED.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 8 The Wheel of Fortune; or, The Record of a Self-Made Boy.        | 53 Winning the Dollars; or, The Young Wonder of Wall Street.  |
| 9 Nip and Tuck; or, The Young Brokers of Wall Street.             | 54 Making His Mark; or, The Boy Who Became President.         |
| 10 A Copper Harvest; or, The Boys Who Worked a Deserted Mine.     | 55 Heir to a Million; or, The Boy Who Was Born Lucky.         |
| 11 A Lucky Penny; or, The Fortunes of a Boston Boy.               | 56 Lost in the Andes; or, The Treasure of the Buried City.    |
| 12 A Diamond in the Rough; or, A Brave Boy's Start in Life        | 57 On His Mettle; or, A Plucky Boy in Wall Street.            |
| 13 Baiting the Bears; or, The Nerviest Boy in Wall Street.        | 58 A Lucky Chance; or, Taking Fortune on the Wing.            |
| 14 A Gold Brick; or, The Boy Who Could Not be Downed.             | 59 The Road to Success; or, The Career of a Fortunate Boy.    |
| 15 A Streak of Luck; or, The Boy Who Feathered His Nest.          | 60 Chasing Pointers; or, The Luckiest Boy in Wall Street.     |
| 16 A Good Thing; or, The Boy Who Made a Fortune.                  | 61 Rising in the World; or, From Factory Boy to Manager.      |
| 17 King of the Market; or, The Young Trader in Wall Street.       | 62 From Dark to Dawn; or, A Poor Boy's Chance.                |
| 18 Pure Grit; or, One Boy in a Thousand.                          | 63 Out for Himself; or, Paving His Way to Fortune.            |
| 19 A Rise in Life; or, The Career of a Factory Boy.               | 64 Diamond Cut Diamond; or, The Boy Brokers of Wall Street.   |
| 20 A Barrel of Money; or, A Bright Boy in Wall Street.            | 65 A Start in Life; or, A Bright Boy's Ambition.              |
| 21 All to the Good; or, From Call Boy to Manager.                 | 66 Out for a Million; or, The Young Midas of Wall Street.     |
| 22 How He Got There; or, The Pluckiest Boy of Them All.           | 67 Every Inch a Boy; or, Doing His Level Best.                |
| 23 Bound to Win; or, The Boy Who Got Rich.                        | 68 Money to Burn; or, The Shrewdest Boy in Wall Street.       |
| 24 Pushing It Through; or, The Fate of a Lucky Boy.               | 69 An Eye to Business; or, The Boy Who Was Not Asleep.        |
| 25 A Born Speculator; or, The Young Sphinx of Wall Street.        | 70 Tipped by the Ticker; or, An Ambitious Boy in Wall Street. |
| 26 The Way to Success; or, The Boy Who Got There.                 | 71 On to Success; or, The Boy Who Got Ahead.                  |
| 27 Struck Oil; or, The Boy Who Made a Million.                    | 72 A Bid for a Fortune; or, A Country Boy in Wall Street.     |
| 28 A Golden Risk; or, The Young Miners of Della Cruz.             | 73 Bound to Rise; or, Fighting His Way to Success.            |
| 29 A Sure Winner; or, The Boy Who Went Out With a Circus.         | 74 Out for the Dollars; or, A Smart Boy in Wall Street.       |
| 30 Golden Fleece; or, The Boy Brokers of Wall Street.             | 75 For Fame and Fortune; or, The Boy Who Won Both.            |
| 31 A Mad Cap Scheme; or, The Boy Treasure Hunters of Cocos Island | 76 A Wall Street Winner; or, Making a Mint of Money.          |
| 32 Adrift on the World; or, Working His Way to Fortune.           | 77 The Road to Wealth; or, The Boy Who Found It Out.          |
| 33 Playing to Win; or, The Foxiest Boy in Wall Street.            | 78 On the Wing; or, The Young Mercury of Wall Street.         |
| 34 Tatters; or, A Boy from the Slums.                             | 79 A Chase for a Fortune; or, The Boy Who Hustled.            |
| 35 A Young Monte Cristo; or, The Richest Boy in the World.        | 80 Juggling With the Market; or, The Boy Who Made it Pay.     |
| 36 Won by Pluck; or, The Boys Who Ran a Railroad.                 | 81 Cast Adrift; or, The Luck of a Homeless Boy.               |
| 37 Beating the Brokers; or, The Boy Who "Couldn't be Done."       | 82 Playing the Market; or, A Keen Boy in Wall Street.         |
| 38 A Rolling Stone; or, The Brightest Boy on Record.              | 83 A Pot of Money; or, The Legacy of a Lucky Boy.             |
| 39 Never Say Die; or, The Young Surveyor of Happy Valley.         | 84 From Rags to Riches; or, A Lucky Wall Street Messenger.    |
| 40 Almost a Man; or, Winning His Way to the Top.                  | 85 On His Merits; or, The Smartest Boy Alive.                 |
| 41 Boss of the Market; or, The Greatest Boy in Wall Street.       | 86 Trapping the Brokers; or, A Game Wall Street Boy.          |
| 42 The Chance of His Life; or, The Young Pilot of Crystal Lake.   | 87 A Million in Gold; or, The Treasure of Santa Cruz.         |
| 43 Striving for Fortune; or, From Bell-Boy to Millionaire.        | 88 Bound to Make Money; or, From the West to Wall Street.     |
| 44 Out for Business; or, The Smartest Boy in Town.                | 89 The Boy Magnate; or, Making Baseball Pay.                  |
| 45 A Favorite of Fortune; or, Striking it Rich in Wall Street.    | 90 Making Money; or, A Wall Street Messenger's Luck.          |
| 46 Through Thick and Thin; or, The Adventures of a Smart Boy.     |   |
| 47 Doing His Level Best; or, Working His Way Up.                  |   |
| 48 Always on Deck; or, The Boy Who Made His Mark.                 |   |
| 49 A Mint of Money; or, The Young Wall Street Broker.             |   |
| 50 The Ladder of Fame; or, From Office Boy to Senator.            |   |
| 51 On the Square; or, The Success of an Honest Boy.               |   |
| 52 After a Fortune; or, The Pluckiest Boy in the West.            |   |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,**

**24 Union Square, New York.**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
..... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....